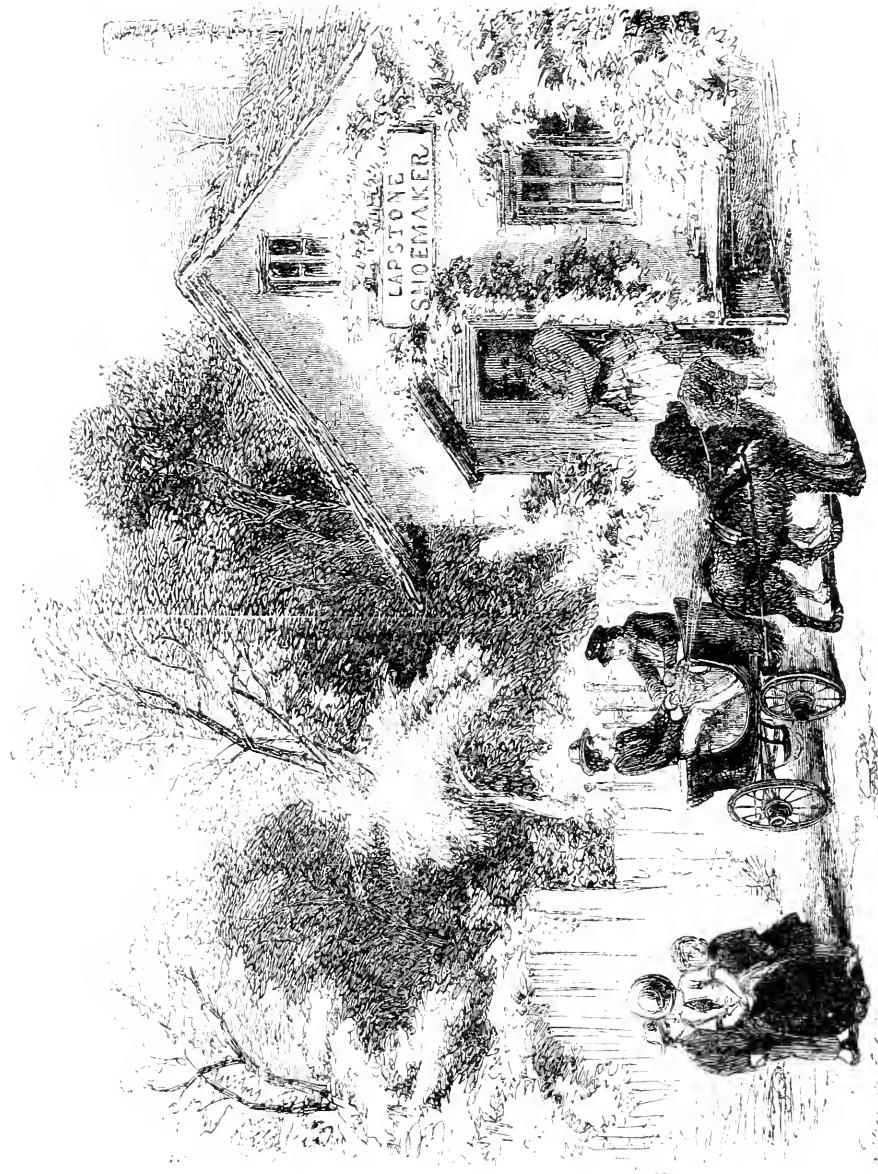


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LAPSTONE'S HOUSE AND GARDEN.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

Embellished with

NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

FRANCIS L. DAVIS, PUBLISHER,

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred
and fifty-four, by

H A R P E R & B R O T H E R S,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

LAPSTONE;

OR,

THE SAILOR TURNED SHOEMAKER.



NEW YORK;

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred
and fifty-seven, by

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P R E F A C E.

THE stories themselves which Old Lapstone is represented as relating to the boys in this volume are imaginary. Lapstone made them up to amuse the boys, and to reward them for working for him in his garden. But all the accounts which they contain in respect to life at sea, and the usages and practices of seafaring men, and all the descriptions relating to ships, and pilots, and light-houses, and soundings, and calms, and storms, and other such topics, are strictly true; and they will convey to the readers a great amount of useful information, if they read the book attentively, and with a desire to understand and remember what they learn by the perusal of it.

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LAPSTONE.



CHAPTER I. WHO LAPSTONE WAS.

Lapstone.

Who named him so.

IN a small but very pleasant village near the sea-shore, on the coast of New Jersey, there lived a shoemaker, who was generally called in the neighborhood by the name of Lapstone. I don't think that his name was really that, though it may have been something like it. At any rate, the boys gave him that name, and, as he was a very good-natured man, and seemed to like that name as well as any other, he came to be so called: and at last, when he

Lapstone's sign.

His business.

When Lapstone went to sea.

put a sign over his door, he directed the painter to paint on it the word LAPSTONE, SHOEMAKER.

Lapstone was, however, a shoe *mender* rather than a shoe maker, for his business consisted much more in repairing old shoes than in fabricating new ones. I suppose that he *could* have made good new shoes, if he had chosen to work in that way; but he did not wish to do a great deal of work, and so he confined himself to mending old ones.

The reason why Uncle Lapstone, as the boys called him, adopted this plan, will appear from his circumstances and history. He was an old sailor. He did not, however, begin to go to sea until he was about nineteen years old. The boys had a rumor among them that he ran away at that time, and that there was something rather remarkable in the circumstances of his flight; but, for some reason or other, they could never get him to tell them the story. Indeed, he would never actually admit that he did run away at all, though the boys often questioned him on this subject, but he always evaded the answer.

At any rate, he went to sea as a sailor when he was about nineteen or twenty, and continued in that profession for a long period. At length he got disabled by falling from the mast-head in a storm on board a whale-ship. He broke his leg in the fall. Of course, in such a place as the forecastle of a whaling ship, he could not have proper attention. The broken leg did not get well, and at last it became necessary to amputate it, that is, to cut it off; and so, for the rest of his life, he had to go with a wooden leg.

Lapstone made his wooden leg himself on his way home from

Why Lapstone went to sea no longer.

Cooking on board ship.

the whaling voyage. It was not a very handsome limb, but it was quite neatly made, and it answered his purpose very well. He could walk about with it for a little while at a time quite comfortably, but, of course, his going to sea as a sailor was forever afterward entirely out of the question. What can a man with only one leg do in running round the capstan, or laying out on the yard-arm to reef the main-topsail in a gale of wind?

When the wound made by the amputation finally healed, and the wooden leg was ready, the captain of the ship sent Lapstone to the galley for the rest of the voyage, and made him the cook. The galley is a small house built on the deck of a ship which serves as a kitchen. It is very small on board a whaling ship, being not much bigger than a closet. The cooking done in such a place is, of course, very simple. It consists in little more than boiling great pieces of salt beef; so the chief article of cooking apparatus in a galley is a big boiler.

When Lapstone returned home, he found himself somewhat alone in the world. He, however, was not without a home. It so happened that his uncle, who was the only relative he had in the world, the last time that he went to sea died during the voyage, leaving Lapstone heir to his estate. This estate consisted of a very small but very pretty house, just at the outskirts of the village in which Lapstone was born, with a garden behind it, and a little square green field beyond. The field extended down the slope of a hill, and at the bottom of the descent was a small brook, flowing, in a meandering way, through a low piece of swampy land, overgrown with flags and bulrushes.

Lapstone's estate.

The house and the garden.

The garden was a very pretty one, and it was separated from the street by a fence so high that nobody could look over in walking along ; so it was very secluded, although quite near the highway. The garden was small, but it was very prettily laid out. There was a row of currant-bushes along the fence, and several apple-trees and pear-trees in the different quarters. There was also a grape-vine at the back side of the garden, trained over a seat there. The trellis which sustained this vine was made in a very plain manner, but the foliage of the vine concealed all the deformities of it, so that the seat, with the trellis over it, formed a very pretty bower.

Lapstone went to see his estate the very first morning after he got home. He walked all about it on his wooden leg, examining it carefully in every part. First he went into the house. There was a front room, and a back room, and a kitchen besides. There was plenty of neat and pretty furniture in every room.

“A very snug berth!” said Lapstone to himself, with a smile of great satisfaction on his face ; “a very snug berth indeed!”

He then went out into the yard, and from the yard he passed through a small white gate, that opened and shut very easily, into the garden. He walked along by the row of currant-bushes, and looked at the full clusters of currants that hung upon them, just beginning to turn red. Then he looked at the apple-trees and the pear-trees, and at the beds of vegetables, and at the borders of flowers. The sun was shining pleasantly that morning, and the air was calm, and when he compared the aspect which nature presented to him then and there with what he had so often encoun-

What Lapstone thought about his lost leg.The cow's path to the brook.

tered in dark and tempestuous nights off Cape Horn, or in other stormy regions on the high seas, he felt greatly pleased.

"I'd rather not have a leg to stand on," said he, "and be here, than be there again with as many legs as a centipede."

After examining the garden, Lapstone came back into the yard, and, turning toward the left, he went through another gate which led to the field. Near one corner of the field was a place where a ledge cropped out, with trees, chiefly evergreens, growing among the rocks.

"There's a good foundation for a light-house," said he.

"That is," he added, after a moment's pause, "if there were any need of a light-house in these parts."

The path through the field led around the foot of this little rocky knoll, gradually descending all the way until it came to the brook. The path, indeed, was made by the cow which Lapstone's uncle had kept, in going down to water. This cow, when she was first turned into the field, had directed her attention very early to this brook.

"Somewhere or other along that brook," thought she, "will be the place for me to go to get a drink when I am thirsty."

So she made a careful reconnoissance of the whole course of the brook, with a view of finding the spot where the soil was least soft and treacherous, and, after selecting one where the ground, at the margin of the water, on the bottom, was tolerably hard, she established that as the watering-place. In walking up and down from the watering-place to the gate which led to the yard, she soon laid out a path which in time became well trodden, and it was this path which Lapstone followed in going down to the brook.

Lapstone in his front entry reflecting.

Calculating resources.

After surveying the brook a few minutes, Lapstone came back again up the hill and returned to the house.

By this time he was tired of walking and standing, and so he brought a chair from the front room into the little entry which communicated with the front door, and, after opening the door so as to let the sun come in, he sat down in the chair, and began to consider his situation.

Lapstone was not a man of much education, but he was possessed of excellent good sense, and he knew very well that, however comfortable things might be about him, a man could not live in a contented and happy manner without both employment and company ; so he began to consider what he should do to supply these two indispensable wants.

As to employment, he reflected that it was not necessary for him to work as a means of gaining a livelihood ; for his uncle, besides this house and land, had left him twenty shares in a bank in New York, and the dividends on this stock, he had learned, were usually about eight per cent., which would make one hundred and sixty dollars a year.*

“One hundred and sixty dollars a year will make over twelve

* The dividend is the proportion of the profits made by a bank which goes to each owner of shares. The banks make their profits by lending their money to merchants, and the merchants pay them interest for it. At the end of the year the interest is all added together, and divided equally among the owners of shares in the bank. Of course, the expenses of the bank are first deducted. The shares in a bank are usually of the value of a hundred dollars. Any boy may own a share in a bank, and have his dividends from it twice a year, who can lay up money enough from his earnings or savings of pocket-money to come to one hundred dollars.

Why Lapstone could not take a wife.Sailors' marriages.

dollars a month," said Lapstone. "That will be about three dollars a week. With a house to live in, and a garden, and three dollars a week in money, I can live like an admiral.

"But then," he continued, still musing on his situation and prospects, "I must have something to do, or else I shall get becalmed."

Lapstone reflected, too, that he must have some company as well as some employment. The first thought, obviously, would be for him to take a wife; but there was a very serious difficulty in the way of his marrying a wife, and that was, he did not know but that he had a wife already. Sailors marry their wives in almost any port they come to. Of course, they do not know at all at what port they shall be able to spend most of their time in the course of their seafaring, and, consequently, they do not know where it is best, on the whole, to have their wives; so they generally have them wherever it happens.

Now it happened to Lapstone to have his wife in the port of Havre, in France. He married her when he was about thirty years old. After his marriage, he remained in Havre with her for several weeks, and then went away on a voyage and was gone some months. On his return to Havre he found his wife, and he spent some time with her again. This kind of life continued for some years, until at last, after having been absent from Havre for a year or two, he returned there again, but he could not find his wife, nor could he, after the most diligent inquiry, learn any thing about her. Whether she was dead, or had moved away, or had given him up for lost and married some other sailor, and so

Bigamy.

Another reason for not getting married.

changed her name, Lapstone never could learn. And now, although a great many years had elapsed, and he had no idea of ever seeing his wife again, still Lapstone did not feel at liberty to marry any other woman. His former wife might still be alive; and for a man to marry any other woman while he has one wife alive is treated as a great crime by the laws of all civilized communities. It is called bigamy. Lapstone resolved that he would not, even unwittingly, be guilty of the crime of bigamy.

Besides, Lapstone considered himself rather too old to be married. It is true that he was not yet very old in years, but the toils and exposures that he had endured, and the hard life that he had led, generally, made him look prematurely old.

“Then, again,” said he to himself, in thinking of this subject, as he sat in his sunny little entry, looking out upon the garden, “I should risk my command by getting married. *I* am captain of this craft now; but if I get a woman aboard, there’s no knowing who would be captain.”

So the old sailor concluded to live single. He resolved, also, that he would live alone, that is, that he would not have any person in the house to do the work. He was used to cooking himself, having had great experience in the ship’s galley. He was used to all sorts of work about the ship, and he thought that the keeping of a house trig and comfortable would be much the same thing. He was not far out of the way in this reasoning. He had once served on board of a revenue cutter, where every thing, from cutwater to taffrail, was kept as nice and bright as any lady’s parlor.

Lapstone's resolution.

The shop.

Working for pleasure.

"I'll turn my front room into a shop," said Lapstone to himself, "and that will bring me employment and company. My customers will be my company."

There were two windows looking toward the street in Lapstone's front room, but there was no door. The house stood end to the road, and the front door was in the side of it, opposite to the little gate leading toward the garden. The approach to this door was by a path along the side of the house, which came from a gate on the street.

"I'll make my front room a shop," said Lapstone to himself. "One of the front windows will make a first-rate door."

So he cut down one of the windows, and put over it, for a sign, LAPSTONE, SHOEMAKER. He also bought a bench and the proper tools, and thus prepared to resume his old occupation.

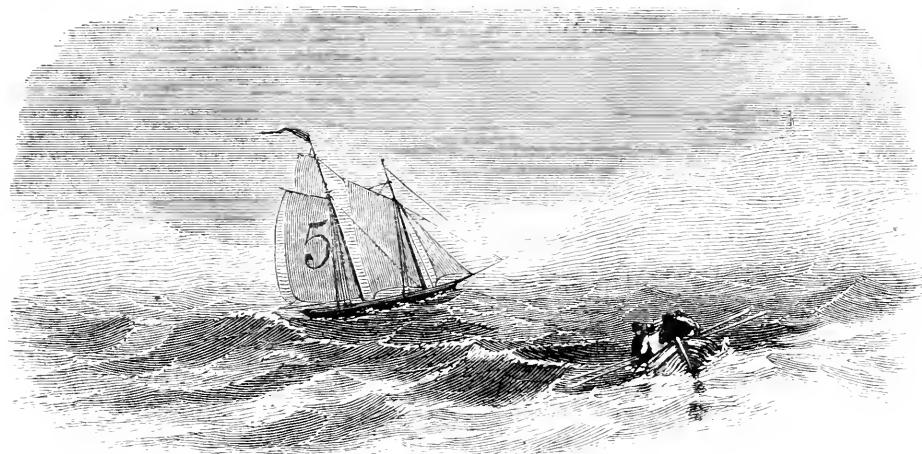
In a short time he became well settled in the mode of life which he thus determined to adopt, and he lived so, in peace and prosperity, many years. He worked at his shoe-making and shoe-mending when he had nothing else to do, but, whenever there was any thing more interesting or entertaining either in his house, his garden, or his field, he would always leave his shop and let the work go.

The consequence was that he often failed to keep his promises in regard to the work which he undertook; but then, in such cases, he always amused his customers so much, when they came for their shoes, by his queer excuses, and the amusing stories which he told them, that they went away laughing, and promised to call again the next day.

Lapstone and the village children.

Indeed, it was one of the great objects that Lapstone had in view in opening his shop to draw the people of the village, and especially the children, to come often and see him. Lapstone liked children particularly, and was very fond of talking to them and telling them stories. He used sometimes to employ the boys and girls of the village to work in his garden, and pay them by telling them stories or helping them rig their boats. One of the stories which he thus told them is contained in the next chapter.

Lapstone commences a story.Munday and Top.



CHAPTER II.

THE PILOTS IN A FOG.

“AND now, boys,” said Lapstone, “what kind of a story do you want to hear?”

“A very entertaining story,” said Munday.

“A sort of Robinson Crusoe story,” said Top.

Lapstone, when he asked this question, was established in his elbow-chair in the little front entry, and the boys were seated on the front steps before him. Munday and Top were the names of two of the boys.

“First,” said Lapstone, “I’ll move my chair out upon the walk, so as to be before you, and then you can see me better.”

“We will move it out,” said the boys.

The pilot system.

Accepting corrections.

A shipmaster's duties.

So the boys took the chair, when Lapstone rose from it, and brought it down the steps. There was a smooth and level place for it just before the steps. It was in the afternoon of a warm summer's day, but the place was made shady and cool by a large apple-tree which stood near, and which shaded it from the rays of the sun.

The boys had been at work for Lapstone in the garden that afternoon, and now he was going to pay them for what they had done by telling them a story.

"Once upon a time," said Lapstone, "when I was about twenty-three years old, I served in a pilot-boat off the port of Boston. Do you understand the pilot system, boys?"

"No, sir," said Munday. "All I know about it is that a pilot is a man what steers."

"A man *who* steers," said Top, speaking in a low tone in Munday's ear.

"A man who steers," repeated Munday, accepting the correction.

Some boys refuse to accept the correction when you put them right in any thing that they are saying, but adhere to the error, and perhaps defend it. Munday was not such a boy as these.

"Why, you see," said Lapstone, "that a shipmaster is bound to know all the great oceans of the world, and to be able to navigate his ship across any of them. He must know all the winds and currents, and all the shoals, rocks, and sand-banks laid down on the charts, but he is not bound to know his way into any harbor."

When the sea-captains need pilots.Difficulties of harbors.

“Why can’t he sail right in?” asked Munday.

“A man might sail right in, in a small sloop or sail-boat,” said Lapstone; “for, with such a small craft, wherever you see no breakers, there you can most generally go. But with a large ship—say a ship of fifteen hundred or two thousand tons—it is a very different thing. There are only certain narrow and crooked channels in most harbors where the water is deep enough for them to get in. The captain of the ship does not know the way.”

“Why does not he learn it, then?” asked Munday. “I would if I were a captain.”

“Ah! yes,” said Lapstone, “we shall have great things done when the present race of youngsters grow up, no doubt. But, in the present age of the world, they have a set of pilots in every port to take the ships in. The pilots board the ships as soon as they arrive in the offing.”

Munday’s idea of the possibility of the captain of the ship himself being able to pilot his ship into harbor might, perhaps, be practicable if there were only two or three harbors which each captain had to enter; but, in general, large ships employed in commerce go to and fro all over the world, and there are a great many different ports in all the four quarters of the globe which they are liable to have to enter, and, of course, they can not make themselves acquainted with all of them. The channels, in the first place, are often long, winding, and very intricate. They are marked out by buoys and light-houses in quite a complicated manner. They are affected by the rise and fall of the tides, so that in one state of tide one way would be best, and in another state another.

Changes in the channels.

The system of pilotage.

To become thoroughly acquainted with all these particulars in any one harbor is a great study. It requires that a man should serve a long apprenticeship before he can safely undertake, at any time and in all weathers, to pilot a vessel safely in.

In addition to this, almost all the harbors of the world are constantly undergoing very slow but very important changes. The sands shift their places—sometimes from the effect of great floods of water coming down by the rivers, and sometimes from the action of storms driving them in from the sea; so that, if it were possible for a shipmaster to make himself completely acquainted with the condition of all the harbors that he has occasion to frequent, as they are at any particular period of time, in a very few years he would be entirely wrong, and in attempting to go into one of them would run upon a sand-bank, perhaps, in the very place where formerly he had sailed along safely in a deep channel.

Accordingly, the pilot system is adopted in nearly all the ports of the civilized world. By this system a set of men called pilots are provided in each port. Their business is to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the port where they belong. They must know all the channels leading in and out of it, and all the bars, sand-banks, shoals, and rocks, and also all the buoys, beacons, light-houses, and signals—every thing, in fact, relating to the navigation of the harbor; so that they can find their way about it by night or by day, in fair weather or in stormy, and take the ships that come in from sea up to their berths without any uncertainty or danger.

In order to be ready for the ships when they come in, the pilots

How the pilots cruise off the coast.

Signaling.

Boarding the ship.

cruise off and on, outside of the harbor, in small vessels called pilot-boats. These little vessels are very prettily built, and are made to live in any sea. There are a sufficient number of sailors on board to man them well, and, besides the sailors, there are several pilots. When these men on board the pilot-boat see a ship coming in from sea, they make a signal to inquire if she wants a pilot. The ship answers this sign, Yes or No, by another signal. If the ship wants a pilot, then the pilot-boat sails down to meet her. When they get pretty near, the seamen on board the pilot-boat let down a small boat or skiff; for the pilot-boat itself, though called a boat, is really quite a vessel, and is much too large to go up close alongside the ship.

When the skiff is let down, half a dozen oarsmen get into it to row it to the ship. The pilot gets in too, and then they cast off. It is quite an exciting spectacle to the passengers on board a packet or a steamer, that has crossed the ocean, to see, almost as soon as they get in sight of land, and sometimes long before, the pilot-boat coming out to meet them, and then to watch the little skiff as it parts from the pilot-boat, and comes rising and sinking on the waves toward them. The skiff looks so small, and the oars seem so frail, and the progress which she makes through the water, as she rises high on the crests of the billows and sinks low—sometimes entirely out of sight—in the hollows, appears so slow, that almost every one trembles for the pilot's safety.

At length, however, when the skiff reaches the ship, the men on board throw down a rope, and the boatmen, catching it, hold the little boat still until the pilot has climbed up the ship's side.

The pilot takes command.

Lapstone's story.

Eight bells.

Then they cast off, and the skiff returns to the pilot-boat again.

The pilot now, being on board the ship, takes the entire command of all her motions. The authority of the captain, as far as the sailing of the ship is concerned, is suspended. The pilot alone is responsible.

These explanations will help you to understand the story which Lapstone told the boys; for the events, as he related them, took place while he was serving on board one of these pilot-boats.

"I was serving on board one of these pilot-boats as a sailor," said he. "I was not a pilot, but my business was to navigate the pilot-boat; and when a ship came in sight, and we were signaled, and went to put a pilot on board, I often went in the small boat to row.

"What I am going to tell you about," continued Lapstone, "happened one morning in the fall of the year, when mists and fogs are very common on all that coast. We had been out two days, and one morning, when our watch was turned up at eight bells, I found it so thick, when I came on deck, that I could not see the end of the bowsprit."

"What is eight bells?" said Munday. . "Eight o'clock?"

"Yes, eight o'clock it was," said Lapstone.

"Then why don't you say eight o'clock," said Munday, "and done with it, and then we could understand you without having to ask so many questions?"

"Ah! we don't go by the clock at sea," said Lapstone; "we go by bells. Two bells go for an hour. We begin at eight o'clock

How they keep time at sea.

The pilot-boat and the ship in the fog.

in the morning, and count up two bells for every hour and one bell for every half hour till we get to eight bells, which makes it twelve o'clock."

"But you said that eight bells was eight o'clock," said Top.

"So it is," replied Lapstone. "Eight bells is eight o'clock, and twelve o'clock, and four o'clock, and then eight o'clock again."

"Never mind about that," said Munday, "but go on with the story."

"Well, it was a very thick morning," said Lapstone. "The wind was blowing lightly, and the tide was setting out strong. By-and-by the fog lifted off to the eastward of us, and we caught a glimpse of a large ship coming in. She caught sight of us just as we did of her, and there was just time for her to make a signal for a pilot, and for us to answer it, when the fog closed over again, and shut the ship out from our sight."

"*Then* what did you do?" asked Top.

"Why, we bore away for the ship," said Lapstone. "She was about two miles off when we caught sight of her, and we thought we would run down till we had gone about that distance, and then lie to again, or move very slowly, till we could get sight of her once more."

"But, before we had gone a mile, it began to lighten up. We could see the sun breaking through the clouds, and, in several directions, we could see for a considerable distance over the water. The wind went down, and it became almost calm. At length the look-out man on the bowsprit called out 'Sail ahoy!' and on looking, we saw our ship about a mile from us, on the starboard beam."

Meaning of starboard beam.

Lapstone and the pilot starting for the ship.

“What is the starboard beam?” asked Top.

“Why, any thing that is on the starboard beam,” said Lapstone, “is off opposite to us on the right. The beams go across the ship, of course, and if a thing is on the beam, it is off on one side.”

“The way the beams point?” asked Munday, inquiringly.

“Yes,” said Lapstone, “that’s it; and starboard means right; so that on the starboard beam is off on one side, to the right.”

“Then why don’t you say so?” asked Munday.

“Because,” replied Lapstone, “it is a great deal quicker and easier to say on the starboard beam than to say off on one side toward the right. Besides, the sailors understand it better.

“The ship was about a mile off,” continued Lapstone, resuming the story, “and we turned toward her at once, but the wind had now gone down, so that we made very little headway; so we lowered the skiff in order to row the pilot on board. There was a man named Barney who was to take command of the boat. I was to go in the boat too. When the boat was brought up alongside, the pilot stood ready on the deck, while the oarsmen who were to row it went on board. The boat’s painter was made fast to a belaying-pin, and a man named Tom was standing by, ready to cast off when the command was given. The pilot had his pea-jacket over his arm.”

“What is a pea-jacket?” asked Top.

“Oh, it is a sort of shaggy great-coat that the ship’s officers wear when on watch in heavy weather. It was pleasant enough then: but the pilot was going up to town in the ship, and then

Barney's preparations for going out in a fog.

The compass.

coming down in the next one that was to be piloted out, and there was no knowing how cold and stormy it might be before he came back again.

"When the oarsmen were all on board the boat, the pilot climbed down into her too, and then asked, 'Where's Barney?'

"'He's gone below to get his pea-jacket,' said Tom.

"'What does he want of his pea-jacket such a summer morning as this?' asked the pilot.

"'Why, he says,' answered Tom, 'that when a boat's crew goes out in a fog, there's no knowing how long a voyage they may make before they come back.'

"Just at this moment we saw Barney coming with his pea-jacket on his arm. The jacket was just such a one as the pilot had. Besides the jacket, Barney had a bag in one hand and a boat's compass in the other."

"What is a boat's compass?" asked Top. "Is it a compass made for a boat?"

"Yes," said Lapstone, "it is a small compass made to carry in the hand, so as to take it on board a boat, or to take with you when you make a tramp in a strange country."

"I should like to see one," said Top.

"I should like to *have* one," said Munday.

"It would be just the thing for us to take when we go out in a boat," said Top.

"We always take one when we go out in a boat at sea," rejoined Lapstone, "so as to know how to steer, in case, by any accident, we get separated from the ship."

The bag of biscuit.

How Barney lost the compass.

“And what was in the bag?” asked Top.

“Biscuit,” replied Lapstone. “Barney said that he had no idea of putting to sea, even in a boat, without provisions.

“When Barney got on board, he put his bag of biscuit down in the bows of the boat, and then walked aft. On his way he put the compass carefully into the pocket of his pea-jacket, and then laid the jacket down across one of the thwarts, as the pilot had done with his. He then turned and called out to Tom to cast off. So Tom cast off the painter, and the oarsmen began to give way with their oars, and so we went rapidly toward the ship.

“We soon came alongside, and they threw us a rope. I caught the rope, and by means of it pulled the boat up close to the ship, so that the pilot could get up the side. As soon as he got up into the chains he turned round, and called out to the men in the boat, ‘Throw me up my jacket.’

“So one of the men took up a jacket and threw it up to him; but, unluckily for us, he took the wrong one.”

“The wrong one!” exclaimed Munday.

“Yes,” said Lapstone, “he threw up Barney’s jacket—the one that had the compass in it; but nobody observed the mistake, and so we bade the pilot good-by and cast off. We rowed round under the stern of the ship, and then looked out for the pilot-boat, but we could not see her. The mist had closed over her again, and she was out of sight.”

“And what did you do then?” asked Munday.

“Why, we knew the direction in which we had come, and so Barney, putting the head of the boat right, said to the oarsmen,

Looking for the compass.

"Juke."

Barney's dismay.

" 'Pull away hearty, boys. It will lighten up again soon, and show us the pilot-boat close aboard of us.'

" So the men pulled away. In a minute or two Barney called out to me,

" 'Juke,' says he, 'overhaul that pea-jacket and get out the compass.' "

" Did he call you Juke?" asked Munday.

" Yes," said Lapstone; " they always called me Juke at sea."

" Why did they call you by that name?" asked Munday.

" I don't know," said Lapstone, " any more than I know why you call me Lapstone."

" 'Juke,' says he, 'hand me out that compass.'

" So I fumbled in the pockets of the jacket, but I could not find any compass.

" 'There's none here,' says I.

" 'None there,' says he, 'you lubber! There *is* one there, for I put it in myself.'

" So I handed him the pea-jacket, and says I to him,

" 'If you put it in yourself, maybe you'll have the goodness to take it out yourself.'

" So he took the pea-jacket, and began to fumble in the pockets of it.

" 'If every man,' says I, 'that can't fish out a boat's compass in that 'ere pea-jacket is a lubber, you'll find that there is more than one lubber on board this boat.'

" 'Sun, moon, and stars!' said he, starting up suddenly, and throwing down the pea-jacket into the bottom of the boat. ' My

Steering by the wind.Difficulty of keeping a straight course.

pea-jacket has gone on board the ship, compass and all, and here we are a dozen leagues from land, and in a fog so thick you can't see the blades of your oars!" "

"Was it really so thick as that?" said Munday.

"No," replied Lapstone. "It was pretty thick, but it was not so bad as that quite. At any rate, we could not see either the ship or the boat; so we had to steer by the wind."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Top.

"Why, we knew that the wind, what little there was, blew from the southeast, and the pilot-boat lay about to the northeast of us; so, in order to go in that direction, we had to steer in such a fashion as to bring the wind on our starboard beam."

"That is, on the right side," said Munday.

"Yes," replied Lapstone, "on the right side. We had to put the helm so as to bring the wind on our starboard beam, and keep it there, and then, so long as the wind held steady from that quarter, so long we knew that we were right."

"That was a curious way to steer," said Munday.

"Yes, but not much to be depended upon," said Lapstone.

"But, Uncle Lapstone," said Munday, "I don't see why you need have had any difficulty at all. You knew, when you left the ship, which way the pilot-boat was. Now why could not you take that course, and just keep straight on, without minding the fog?"

"Oh, you can't go straight on the sea without something to steer by," said Lapstone. "You might think you could, but you can't. Your boat will turn slowly and slowly round one way or the other, and at last you will find yourself coming back to where

The boys try to walk blindfolded.

Munday's failure.

you begun. Why, a man can't walk in the woods in a straight line without something to guide him. A boy blindfolded can't walk straight, or any thing like straight, across a field."

"I believe *I* could," said Munday.

"Try it," said Lapstone. "Go out into the middle of the road, and take aim at my front gate. Then shut your eyes, and walk on and see if you can hit it."

Munday said "Agreed," and the boys all started up immediately to witness the experiment. Munday went out into the middle of the road. Of the rest, some went with him and some staid by the gate. Those that went with him said that they could not trust to his keeping his eyes shut himself; so they put a cap on his head wrong side before, and brought the back part of it down over his eyes.

"First let me see the gate," said Munday; and, so saying, he lifted up the cap to look. He then put the cap down again and set out. He walked cautiously, with his hands extended before him, like a person playing blindman's-buff. Very soon, however, he began to turn more and more from his course, until at length his face was so far away from the gate, that Top, who stood near it, burst into a laugh. Munday then immediately stopped and lifted up his cap. He seemed greatly astonished to see where he was.

Some of the boys then wished to try and see what they could do, and four of them, one after another, made the experiment; but, though some of them succeeded better than the others, none reached the gate.

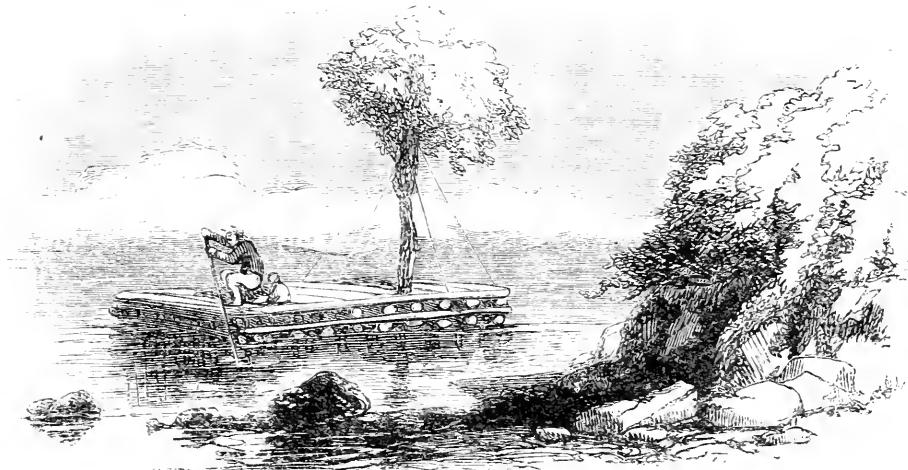
The half hour is out.

Lapstone's bargain.

"And now, boys," said Lapstone, when they came back into the yard again, "my half hour is out."

The agreement which Lapstone made with the boys was that for every hour that they worked in his garden he would talk with them and tell them stories for half an hour. Thus, as they understood it, they gave twice as much of their time as Lapstone did of his. The advantage, however, was much greater than this on Lapstone's part; for, as there were several boys usually who worked together, the availability, so to speak, of Lapstone's half hour, in paying for work, was multiplied, since the same half hour of story-telling answered for all. Thus, in this case, there were five boys who had worked for him, and so, with only half an hour of his own time, he paid for five hours of boys' labor.

Lapstone resumes the story of the pilots at sea in the fog.



CHAPTER III.

THE ESCAPE.

THE boys came the very first afternoon when there was no school to work an hour in Lapstone's garden, in order to hear the remainder of the story.

"Let me see," said Lapstone, when he was ready to resume his narration, "where did I leave off?"

"You left off," said Munday, "where you were all in the boat, steering by the wind."

"Ah! yes," said Lapstone. "Well, we could not steer by the wind long, for the wind went down. In ten minutes from the time that we left the ship it fell calm. Pretty soon it breezed up again a little, but we did not know whether it was from the same

When you do not know what to do, do nothing.

quarter or another. Most likely, we thought, from another. So we did not know what to do.

“‘It is of no use to row,’ says Barney; ‘you don’t know at all where you are rowing to.’

“So the men stopped rowing, and the boat lay on the water calm and still.

“‘We’ve nothing to do,’ says Barney, ‘but to wait till the fog lifts, so that we can see where we are.’

“‘Why, we ought to do something,’ says one of the men.

“‘No,’ says Barney; ‘when you do not know what to do, do nothing.’

“‘I don’t believe in that,’ says I. ‘When you don’t know certainly what to do, do the best you can. That’s my rule.’

“‘No,’ says Barney, ‘for there are always nine wrong things to do for one right one. It follows from that, that when a man acts at random, there are nine chances out of ten that he will act wrong.’

“So we lay still in the boat for about half an hour. At the end of that time it began to lighten up a little.

“As fast as the clouds lifted,” continued Lapstone, “we looked about in all directions for the pilot-boat, but we could see nothing of her. In some directions we could see two or three miles, but there was nothing in sight but the open sea.

“At last one of the men at the bow started us all up suddenly by calling out, in a loud voice, as if he had been at the mast-head,

“‘Land!’

“At the same instant he pointed off on the larboard bow. There

The shore in view.

The breakers.

Fog again.

Hark!

we saw, about two miles away, a range of rocks that looked like a shore. We could see some bushes or trees near one end of them, and the sea was breaking all along the line."

"I thought you said the water was calm and still," said Munday.

"So it was," replied Lapstone; "but then there is always a swell at sea that makes a surf on a rocky shore—that is, provided you are on the windward side of it. On the lee side sometimes it is smooth.

"We immediately headed the skiff toward the land, and pulled away; but, before long, the mist and fog closed over the place again, and hid the land from view. We kept on, however, hoping to hit it. We rowed more than an hour, but we did not reach the shore that we had seen, nor could we see any signs of it. So Barney gave up in despair, and told the men that they might as well take in their oars, for all their toil was to no purpose.

"So the men took in their oars and let the boat drift where she would.

"I had not been rowing for some time, but had been standing in the bows of the boat looking out. I had a boat-hook in my hand, ready to fend off if we had come suddenly upon any rocks. For about five minutes after the men stopped rowing they remained quiet in the boat without speaking a word. Presently they began talking to each other as they sat on the thwarts, or lay in the bottom of the boat. All at once one of the men called out,

" 'Hark!'

"We all listened. We could hear a bird singing. And I tell

Steering by the song of a bird.

The lee shore.

you what, it was the sweetest music to my ears that I ever heard.

“ ‘Here it is,’ says I, ‘right ahead. There’s land close upon us here, right ahead.’

“ ‘Pull away, my lads,’ says Barney. ‘Pull gently, and stand by, Juke, to fend off.’

“ So I put my boat-hook out over the bows, and made ready to fend off the moment that we should come in sight of rocks or a shore.

“ As the boat advanced, I could hear the singing of the bird more and more distinctly.

“ ‘What’s the reason we don’t hear the breakers,’ says Barney, ‘if there is land there?’

“ ‘We must be coming up on the lee side of it,’ says I.”

“ What did you mean by that?” asked Munday.

“ Why, when we come to an island, on the windward side of it,” replied Lapstone, “ that is, the side that is toward the wind, of course we can hear the breakers dashing against the rocks, or rolling up on the sand; but when we come upon the *lee* side of it, which is the sheltered side, then there are no breakers, and of course we do not hear any sound.”

“ Then the lee side is the safest side,” said Munday.

“ Yes,” replied Lapstone, “ the lee side and the sheltered side is the safest side. When a boat goes out to board a ship in the open sea, she always goes up to her on the lee side.”

“ But I’ve read about ships being cast away on a lee shore,” said Top, “ as if the lee shore was the most dangerous one.”

Difference between being on a lee shore and under the lee of the shore.

"Ah! yes," replied Lapstone, "but that means the ship's lee, and not the shore's lee. If a shore is to the leeward of a ship, the ship is of course to the windward of the land. When a ship has land on the side that the wind blows to, then we say that she is on a lee shore—we mean a shore under the lee of the ship; but when the ship has land on the side that the wind blows from, then she is under the shelter of the land, and then we say that she is under the lee of the land. It makes a great difference whether you have the land under the lee of the ship or the ship under the lee of the land."

"Never mind at all about that, Uncle Lapstone," said Munday, "but go on with the story."

"Well, we went on very slowly and carefully.

"Slowly!" says Barney. "Pull easy, for the tide is running out, and if you get her set on the sand we shall be beached for ten or twelve hours."

"The moment that Barney said this, I saw bottom.

"Here's bottom!" says I; "smooth sand."

"So Barney called out to the men to hold on, and they all stopped rowing. But the boat went on slowly, and pretty soon I could begin to discern the land. There was a smooth sandy beach, and beyond it a green fringe of trees and bushes.

"We'll go on as far as we can," says Barney, "and then you may go ashore, Juke, and see if you can make out where we are. If you find any high land, go up and make an observation."

"You would not have seen any thing," said Munday, "if you were to get up ever so high, because it was so foggy."

Fogs often lie low upon the water.

Anchoring the boat.

"Yes; but such a fog as this," said Lapstone, "sometimes lies very low on the water, so that, if you can get up a hundred feet or more, you are out above it, in bright sunshine. I've been on board a whaling ship before now, when you could not see the end of your own marlinspike on the deck, while at the mast-head it was as clear as a bell, not a cloud to be seen in the whole sky."

"Well, go on," said Munday.

"'I've no objection to go ashore,' says I, 'provided you don't go off and leave me.'

"'Oh, you may anchor us,' says Barney. 'Take a grapnel ashore with you, and make it fast in the sand. Then we can back off a little, and so not be in danger of grounding.'

"By this time the boat had come pretty near the shore, so that I could leap out to the sand. When I was out, one of the men threw out the grapnel."

"What is that?" asked Munday.

"Why, a sort of small anchor, made to hold a boat," replied Lapstone.

"'There,' says Barney, 'set the grapnel in the sand, and then you'll be sure of us.'

"'Besides,' says he, 'if you think you are going to be left, take the provisions.'

"As he said this, he took up the bag of provisions which lay in the bows of the boat, and threw them as far as he could up on the sand.

"He pretended to do this in a joke, but the fact was, he ex-

Lapstone exploring the shore.

What he found there.

pected that he himself and the whole boat's crew were to go on shore, and wait there until the weather cleared up, and that while they were there they would eat the biscuit. But he thought that he would first let me go and make an observation, as he said, thinking that perhaps I might find out what land it was.

"So I set the grapnel in the sand just above the line of the water, and then the crew backed off the boat to where the water was deep, for the rope which was fastened to the anchor was quite long. I took up the bag of biscuit and placed it on a flat stone, where it was high and dry, and went up through the bushes to the land."

"Well, and what did you see there?" asked Munday.

"Nothing that I knew," replied Lapstone. "There were some rocks, and some green grass, and some trees and bushes, but I did not find any roads, or fences, or any other signs of inhabitants. It was so foggy that I could not see very far; but, at a little distance before me, I perceived that there was a hill. So I went to it. I was in hopes that the top of it was high enough to be above the fog."

"And was it?" asked Munday.

"No," said Lapstone, "it was only a gentle swell of land, with a ledge of rocks forming the top of it. In the cavities of the rocks, round on the shady side of them, were some pools of water that looked very clear and cool.

"'What a pity it is that I am not thirsty,' says I to myself, 'for then I might have a good drink.'

"I saw something dark a little beyond where I was, that looked

Lapstone finds he is on an island. His plan for reaching the shore. The boat is gone.

as if it might be a hill, and so I went on to see. It proved, however, to be only a line of bushes, and, when I reached the bushes, I found that I came to the sea again just beyond them. In fact, I heard the ripple of the waves on the shore just before I reached the bushes; so that it was an island that I was on, but there was nothing very marked upon it by which I knew it. All I knew was that it could not be far from the land."

"How did you know that?" asked Munday.

"By the rippling on the sand on the windward side," replied Lapstone. "You see, the beach where I left the boat was on the leeward side of the island, and, of course, the other side would be the windward side, and if there had been any great breadth of water in that direction, there would have been a heavy swell rolling in from it upon the low rocks that formed the shore there. I knew what the wind and weather had been, and what the state of the sea was, and from that, and from what I saw of the rippling, I judged that there must be land or some shelter within a mile or two of the low rocks. So I went back to where I had left the boat to tell them what to do."

"And what were you going to tell them to do?" asked Top.

"Why, to coast round the island," said Lapstone, "till they got to the other side of it, and then to take a fresh departure from the low rocks, and so strike across for the land, as Columbus did across the Atlantic for America."

"Well," said Munday, "go on."

"Well," repeated Lapstone, "when I got to the place where I had left the boat, I found that she had gone."

Nothing but the grapnel left.

Why Barney had left the island.

“Gone!” exclaimed Munday, in astonishment.

“Gone,” repeated Lapstone. “Not a sign of her to be seen.

“Yes, there was a *sign* of her to be seen,” he added; “for the grapnel was there holding on to the sand, just where I had put it, with the rope that was fastened to it running down the beach and out under the water, but no boat.”

“The boat must have sunk,” said Munday.

“Not she,” said Lapstone. “I found out afterward what became of her. You see that, while I was gone, the fog lighted up a little, and a ship hove in sight, and so Barney resolved to let go the shore and run out to her.

“‘We’ll run out there,’ says he, ‘and be back again before Juke comes down from the land. From the ship we can find out where we are, and what land this is, and then shall be all right.’

“So they slipped the cable, and were off, and when I came down the coast was clear.

“But they came back again pretty soon,” said Munday.

“No,” replied Lapstone. “I sat down under the bushes, and waited an hour, but they did not come. In fact, the fog closed over the sea again before they had gone a cable’s length from the shore, and they could not find the ship. Then, when they gave up the ship, they turned round and tried to get back, but now they could not find the land. So they were worse off than I was, and if I had known it I should have been glad of it.”

“Oh, Uncle Lapstone!” said Munday, “you are too revengeful.”

What Lapstone thought and did when left alone on the island.

"They had no business to go off and leave me," said Lapstone.

"Well, never mind," said Top; "go on with the story."

"When I found that the boat was gone," said Lapstone, continuing his story, "I felt as if I was brought up all standing. There I was alone, and without any boat, upon a small, uninhabited island, and what I was to do I could not imagine. The first thought was that I had nothing to do but sit down upon a rock, if I could find one, and wait until the boat came back."

"And suppose the boat were not to come back at all," suggested Munday.

"In that case," replied Lapstone, "I thought that I must wait until it cleared up, and then I supposed that I could see where I was. So I waited for more than an hour, but the boat did not come."

"What did you do while you were waiting?" asked Top.

"Part of the time I sat down on a rock near the shore," replied Lapstone, "and listened, in hopes that I could hear the sound of oars. When I got tired of that, I rambled about the island, taking care not to go far out of sight of the place where I had left the boat. I took the grapnel up out of the sand, and drew in the rope that it had been fastened to the boat with."

"What did you do that for?" asked Munday.

"I hardly know what I did it for," replied Lapstone. "It was the only thing that was there that seemed to have any thing to do with living men, and I took a kind of satisfaction in having it."

"It could not do you any good," said Munday.

How Lapstone constructed a raft to leave the island on.

"One would think so," replied Lapstone. "Any sort of anchor is just the worst thing a man could have to help him in such a case. An anchor is made to hold on with, whereas what I wanted was to get away. However, I took the grapnel up out of the sand, and laid it on the grass where it was high and dry, and coiled the rope up neatly by the side of it; and I found, in the end, that the rope was of great service."

"How so?" asked Top.

"Why, I conceived the idea of making a raft out of the stems of the bushes which grew on the island," replied Lapstone, "and I used the rope for lashings to lash the parts together with."

"Oh, Uncle Lapstone," said Top, "a rope would be too clumsy for that."

"Ah! but I pulled it apart and took the strands," said Lapstone. "I unlaid about ten feet of it, and separated the strands; so I got a great quantity of spun-yarn. Then I went to work with my knife and cut down a great number of bushes, choosing those that had the tallest and straightest stems. With these I made a raft. I first selected four of the largest and best that I could find, and lashed them together for a frame. Then I laid on a great many others, lengthwise and crosswise, and lashed them all down securely with pieces of my spun-yarn. If I had not had the spun-yarn I could not have made the raft at all, that is, I could not have made one that would have stood the voyage. A raft made of small pieces of wood without any lashings would have got knocked to pieces before going a cable's length by the motion of even the smoothest sea."

The mast and sails.

The braces.

Lapstone's harbor.

"Then it was very lucky for you that you had the rope," said Munday.

"It was indeed," said Lapstone. "Then, besides, I needed the spun-yarn for rigging. You see I had no oars, and so I had to depend for navigating my raft on such a sail as I could make of bushes. I chose out four or five bushes which had the thickest tops, and lashed the stems together. The tops, of course, came together too, and made a good thick head to catch the wind. Thus I had a mast and sail all in one. This I set up on my raft, about where a foremast would come. I left one of the stems of these bushes longer below than the others, and pushed it down through a crevice among the poles that formed the raft. The stems of the other bushes, which were a little shorter, kept it from going down too far."

"Then, to keep my mast and sail from falling over to one side or the other," continued Lapstone, "I braced it on every side by lines of spun-yarn going down from the centre of the head of the bushes to the edges of the raft all around. These lines, like the shrouds and braces of a mast, kept all steady."

"That was an excellent plan," said Munday.

"I made my raft," continued Lapstone, "near a little cove on that side of the island that I supposed was toward the land, at a place where the water was deep and yet pretty still, near the shore. I spent nearly all day in making it. You see it took a great many of such small poles to make a raft big enough to bear a man."

"I got it finished about four o'clock in the afternoon. I worked

Lapstone's dinner upon bread and water.

Sailing in the fog again.

very hard the last part of the time, for I was very anxious to get away that night.

“By the time I had got the raft finished I began to be pretty hungry, and then I was very glad that I had my bag of biscuit. So I took the biscuit, and went to the place on the rocks where I had seen the fresh water, and there I ate the biscuit and drank the water, and a right excellent dinner I had.

“Then I concluded to go aboard my raft. There was a nice little breeze springing up, which blew in what I supposed was the right direction to go toward the land. I put the bag, with the rest of the biscuit in it, on the raft, and then I got on it myself, and pushed off from the shore.”

“Did it bear you well?” asked Munday.

“Yes,” said Lapstone, “very well indeed. And it felt very strong under me, though it was made pretty much altogether of small poles. But I lashed the poles together so well at the corners that the raft was very strong.

“I pushed off from the land a little way, and, as soon as I began to get into deep water, the breeze took my sail, and I began to go ahead. Of course I went pretty slowly, but it was a great satisfaction to go at all. After about ten minutes the little island that I had left began to be lost in the fog, and there I was, out of sight of land, with a pretty leaky ship, no crew, and provision for less than six hours.”

“And what did you do?” asked Munday.

“Oh, I sat still and sailed on,” replied Lapstone. “The wind freshened up, and my craft made considerable headway. For a

The sunlight in the fog above.

Lapstone sees a spook.

The mystery is explained.

time it was pretty clear just about me, but there was a fog-bank ahead. This fog-bank I soon got into, and then it became so thick that I could not see a cable's length in any direction. But there was a pretty good breeze, and so I went on all the time, and I was continually in hopes of coming upon the land.

"Besides that," continued Lapstone, "I hoped every minute that it would clear up. You see the fog lay very low on the water. It was not fifty feet thick. If I had been aboard of a whaler, I could have gone to the mast-head, and been entirely out of it, bright and clear."

"How did you know that?" asked Munday.

"Oh, I could see a gleam of sunlight through it," replied Lapstone. "Sometimes I could almost see the blue sky. But I did not look about much, nor upward. I looked forward. I strained my eyes in that direction all the time, so as to catch the first glimpse of land, in case any land should appear.

"Finally I thought I saw something dark before me. At first it had no form, but pretty soon it seemed to be a figure of a woman—a monstrous tall woman. She was standing motionless on the water right before me. She had her bonnet in her hand. She was holding it by the strings. I was dreadfully afraid."

"What were you afraid of?" asked Top.

"Why, I thought it was a spook," said Lapstone, "or something of that sort. However, I could not stop my raft, for the wind was carrying it slowly onward. As it went on I could see the figure more and more distinctly. It grew smaller and smaller as I got near, and at last I saw that it was a little girl stand-

Lapstone reaches the main land.

Abandoning the raft.

ing on a rock close to the margin of the water. In fact, I had got to the land."

"My!" exclaimed Top; "and that girl was on it?"

"Yes," said Lapstone; "and as soon as I had come near enough for her to see that it was a raft that was coming, with a man on it, she turned round toward the land, and called out,

"Johnny! Johnny! come here! quick!"

In a moment a boy, not much bigger than the girl, came running along the rocks out of the fog, to see what was the matter. He had a fishing-pole in his hands. He had been a fishing on the rocks, and his sister had come down with him to play about on the shore in the mean while."

"Where did they live?" asked Munday.

"Oh, they lived in a small house a little way up there on the land," said Lapstone. "As soon as the boy came to the place, I called to him to reach out the end of his fishing-pole to me, and he did. When I got hold of it I told the children to pull, and as soon as my raft touched I jumped off to the land."

"It was a very lucky escape," said Munday, drawing a long breath.

"Yes, it was, indeed," said Lapstone.

"And what did you do with your raft?" asked Top.

"Oh, I left it to go to pieces on the rocks," said Lapstone.

"You did not leave the bag of biscuit?" said Top.

"No," replied Lapstone; "I threw the bag ashore before I landed myself. I gave the biscuit that were left in it to the children that had helped me to land, and then put the bag over my

What had become of Lapstone's companions in the boat.

End of the story.

shoulder, and walked up a path which led up the rocks. In three minutes I was out in clear sunshine. I could look over the sea very far. There was a low fog lying on the water, but above all was bright and clear. I saw at once where I was. I was about five miles from town."

"And did you walk home?" asked Munday.

"No," said Lapstone, "I went along the shore a little way, and there I found a fishing-boat going up to town, and I made them take me on board."

"And what became of the skiff?" asked Munday.

"Oh, the men in the skiff," said Lapstone, "spent the whole of the day and all the night in beating about the harbor, not knowing where they were. But the next morning after that it cleared up, and then they got home. When they saw me they were astonished, and they asked me how I got off the island. When I told them the story, they did nothing but laugh. They supposed I was quizzing them, and did not believe one word of my story from beginning to end."

"But they believed it at last," added Lapstone; "for the next time we went that way in our pilot-boat, we landed on the island to get the grapnel which we had left there, and then I showed them the stumps of the bushes which I had cut down to get poles for my raft, and the branches that I had trimmed off, which were lying about all over the ground."

"What did they say then?" asked Munday.

"Why, then they were convinced that what I had told them was true," said Lapstone, "and that is the end of the story."

Lapstone explains to the boys the difficulty of making the raft.

The boys were very much pleased with this story, and one of them said that he believed that that would be an excellent way for them to make a raft.

"You see," said he, "when we want to make a raft, the trouble always is to get boards enough. I never thought of taking stems of bushes."

"No," said Lapstone, "I would not advise you to attempt to make a raft in that way. It takes a great many such poles to make floatage enough to buoy up a man. The reason why it takes so many is, in the first place, because they are small, and, in the second place, because, being green, they are heavy. There is more buoyancy in one good-sized dry board than in forty of them. Then, besides, it takes a great deal of time and patience, and some knowledge of rigging, to lash them securely together."

Lapstone napping in his shop.

Some one calls him.



CHAPTER IV.

JIMMINY.

ONE summer afternoon, late in July, Lapstone was sitting in his shop asleep. He was not upon his bench, but in a comfortable arm-chair, which he always kept at a certain window of his that looked off upon the garden. He was awaked from his nap by hearing a noise as of some one trying to open the shop door.

The shop door fronted on the street.

Lapstone opened his eyes and listened.

Presently he heard a gentle voice, as of a young child, calling out,

“ Uncle Lapstone !”

Lapstone opens the door for Jimminy.

The shoe.

The broken promise.

“Very well,” said Lapstone; “speak—I hear.”

“I can’t open the door,” rejoined the voice.

“Who is it?” asked Lapstone.

“I,” answered the voice.

“And who is I?” asked Lapstone.

“Jimminy,” answered the voice; “I want my shoe.”

So Lapstone rose from the seat and opened the door. A very pretty little girl, with a well-worn straw bonnet on her head, stood there, holding by the hand another child younger than herself. The younger child was only about four or five years old, and Jimminy herself was only six or seven.

“I want my shoe,” said Jimminy, as she followed Lapstone into the shop: “is it done?”

“Why no, Jimminy,” replied Lapstone, “it is not done yet; you see, I’ve been driven lately so much.”

“Now, Uncle Lapstone!” exclaimed Jimminy, in a very mournful tone, “you don’t know how sorry I am; you promised me my shoe the day before Wednesday, and now it is not done yet, and me going with only one shoe all the time.”

So saying, Jimminy pushed back the margin of her frock, and showed her two feet, one shod, the other bare.

“Is that the way you have to go?” asked Lapstone.

“Yes,” said Jimminy, “I have to go so all the time, only when I take off my other shoe, so as to have both my feet feel alike.”

“It is too bad, Jimminy,” said Lapstone; “it is outrageous; if it was any body else that had served you so besides myself, I would give him a scolding that it would do you good to hear.”

Jimminy and Katy wait for the shoe to be mended.

The wooden leg.

"I think you ought to be scolded yourself," said Jimminy.

"So do I," replied Lapstone; "I truly do, and I wish there was somebody here to scold me. I can't scold myself very well, you know, and you can't scold very well, I suppose; ladies never can; so I don't know what we can do."

"Only this I can do," continued Lapstone; "if you will come in and wait, I'll mend your shoe now, the first thing I do, and then you will not have to go half barefoot any more."

"Well, I will wait," said Jimminy. "Come in, Katy."

This last call was addressed to the little child who had come with Jimminy, and who had thus far remained at the door.

Lapstone took his seat on his shoemaker's bench, and then, after selecting Jimminy's shoe from among those which had been left to be mended, he drew out his thread and prepared to go to work. Jimminy sat down on a little footstool which was on the floor by the side of Lapstone's bench. While sitting there, her attention was soon attracted to Lapstone's wooden leg, which was extended in full view before her. There was an iron ring, forming a sort of knob, on the end of it.

"Uncle Lapstone," said Jimminy, after musing for a time, "how came you to have such a funny leg? Did it grow so?"

"Oh no," said Lapstone, "I made it."

"Oh, Uncle Lapstone!" exclaimed Jimminy.

"Yes," said he, "I made it. My real leg got broken, and it had to be cut off, and so I made this wooden one, and fastened it on instead."

Here followed quite a long pause, during which both Jimminy

Jimminy searches for an awl to try Lapstone's leg with.

and Katy looked at the wooden leg, with a very serious expression on their countenances.

At length Jimminy looked up into Lapstone's face again, and said,

"Uncle Lapstone, if any body were to prick your wooden leg, would it hurt you?"

"No," said Lapstone, "not a bit."

"I mean to try," said Jimminy—"or I would, if I only had a pin."

"Look about among my tools on the bench," said Lapstone, "and you will find an awl; you can try it with that."

Jimminy took a survey of the tools on the bench, but there were several knives among them, which looked quite sharp and glittering, and she was afraid to put her fingers among them to take the awl. At length, however, she found a pin somewhere about her dress: with this she began to prick the wooden leg, looking up into Lapstone's face all the time to see if he appeared to feel it.

"No, Katy," said Jimminy, "he does not feel it a bit."

Katy looked amazed, but did not answer.

Here Jimminy began to look intently at the end of the wooden leg, and at the iron ring which encircled it.

"Uncle Lapstone," said she, "why did not you make yourself a better foot? you might have made some toes."

"Oh no, child," replied Lapstone, "it would not have done any good to make toes; I could not have moved them if I had made them."

"Why not?" asked Jimminy.

Why Lapstone made no toes to his wooden leg.

A bargain for a story.

"Because they would have been made of wood. A thing must be made of flesh and blood in order that we can move it."

"But, Uncle Lapstone," said Jimminy, "you can move your leg, and yet it is made of wood; so I don't see why you could not have moved your toes."

"Oh no!" said Lapstone, "oh no!"

"Did you ever try to make a foot and toes, Uncle Lapstone," said Jimminy.

"No," said Lapstone; "it would not be any use to try."

After this Jimminy sat some time without speaking. She was lost in thought, contemplating the various mysteries connected with the wooden leg. At length she seemed to arouse herself from her reverie, and asked Lapstone to tell her a story.

"You might tell us a story as well as not," said Jimminy, "while you are mending my shoe."

"Oh no," said Lapstone, "I can't tell stories very well while I am at work; besides, I don't tell stories to any children unless they first do some work for me in my garden."

"But Katy and I are not big enough to work in the garden," said Jimminy.

"You are not big enough to do all kinds of work, but you might do some kinds," said Lapstone. "Perhaps you are big enough to pick currants: I have got a great many currants to be picked."

"I am big enough to pick currants," said Jimminy, "but Katy is not. Katy is a *little* girl."

"You may go out into the garden and try," said Lapstone.

The girls pick some currants. Why Lapstone wished to employ girls rather than boys.

“ You’ll have time while I am finishing the shoe. You can show Katy the way. You go out through the front door of the house, and then go straight across the yard to the garden gate. You go through the gate, and then look all about till you find the currant-bushes. Then you pick off some of the bunches of the currants. You must not take hold of the currants themselves, but of the stems. You take hold of the stem close to where it grows out from the branch. If you break off the stem of the bunch of currants, all the currants come off with it. You may get three or four bunches, and bring them to me in your hand. Katy may try too. You may show her how.”

Jimminy was much pleased with this commission, and so, taking Katy by the hand, she led her out into the garden. In a few minutes they came back, each of them bringing some bunches of currants in their hands.

“ Ah !” said Lapstone, speaking in a tone of great satisfaction as soon as he saw them, “ you can do it very well. Now sit down and eat the currants, and tell me whether you think they are ripe.”

The children sat down and ate their currants, and seemed to like them very much.

“ Now,” said Lapstone, “ I want all my currants gathered, and I’d rather have girls to gather them than boys. The reason why is, that I should make a law that you must not eat any while you were gathering them, and girls would obey the law, but boys would not. Girls are more honest than boys. Boys would perhaps eat more themselves than they would put into the basket for me, but good girls would not eat any.”

Lapstone's proposal.

A story promised.

The five girls picking currants.

"But, Uncle Lapstone," said Jimminy, "I think you ought to give us a few to pay us."

"Ah! yes," said Lapstone, "I should. After you had done picking them I should give all a good saucerful of them, with sugar on them. They would taste a great deal sweeter and better in a saucer, with the sugar on them, than they would to be eaten off the bushes. Then, while you were eating your currants from the saucers, I would tell you a story."

"Well, Uncle Lapstone," said Jimminy, "we will do it."

"You must find four other girls to come with you," said Lapstone. "I can't tell a story to less than five. If you will find four other girls to come with you—all good girls—and if you will work well gathering my currants for an hour, then I'll give you each a good saucer of currants and sugar to eat, and besides that, I'll tell you a story half an hour long."

This plan was fully agreed to, and, as soon as the shoe was done, Jimminy went away with Katy to find the other girls. She soon made up the number, and that afternoon they came, all five of them, and called upon Lapstone to give them baskets or dippers, and set them to work.

They worked very well, and in the course of the hour they gathered all the currants that grew on quite a long row of bushes. They each had a little mug or basket, and as fast as they filled these vessels they emptied them into a great basket, which was placed for the purpose on the seat in the corner of the garden. In the course of the hour the great basket got heaping full.

After the work was done, Lapstone assembled the children on

Lapstone begins his story.

A ballad.

The first verse.

the steps of the front door, where it was cool and shady, and there they ate the currants and sugar which he promised to give them. Each girl had a saucerful of currants and a spoon. The sugar-bowl stood on the steps in the middle of the group, and each girl took as much of it as she wished.

While they were sitting here eating their currants, Lapstone told them the story. It was a story of a boy named Benny, who went to sea in a boat alone. The story will be contained in the next chapter.

I ought to say, however, here, that Lapstone, instead of relating the narrative as a story, proposed at first to sing it as a song. He said that it was as a song that he learned it. Some of the children objected to have a song instead of a story, for they said a song would not be long enough.

“Oh, but this is a very long song,” said Lapstone. “It is very long indeed. It is a kind of song which they call a ballad. It has ever so many verses in it.”

In consideration of its being so long, the children concluded to hear it, and so Lapstone began. This was the first verse:

“The night was dark, and the wind was high,
And the fisherman didn’t come home;
The lightning gleamed in the angry sky,
With rattling thunder loud and nigh,
And the sea was white with foam.”

Lapstone’s voice was not very smooth or harmonious. He had been accustomed only to sing to sailors in stormy nights, amid the noise made by the winds in the rigging, and by the boisterous

Lapstone concludes not to sing the story, but to relate it.

seas, and the music which he made was not well adapted to please gentle and quiet girls. Indeed, Lapstone was not very well satisfied himself with his performance, and after finishing the first verse he paused a moment, as if not entirely certain about proceeding. Jimminy helped him to decide by saying, in a very gentle voice,

“Uncle Lapstone, it seems to me that you don’t sing very well.”
Lapstone laughed.

“And besides,” said another of the girls, “we can’t understand it so well if you sing it. We had rather that you would tell it to us.”

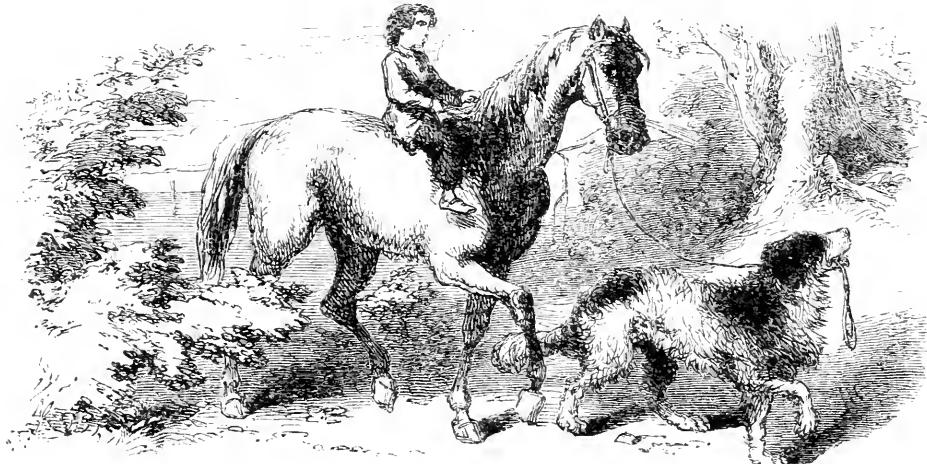
“Very well,” said Lapstone. “I’ll tell you the story. I think that will be better.”

So he proceeded to relate to the children the story contained in the next chapter.

The children listened to it with great attention and pleasure, and they said, after it was finished, that they had been doubly paid for the work which they had done in gathering the currants.

“The feast of currants that you gave us to eat,” said they, “was pay enough, and the story was pay enough. Either one was pay enough alone, so that we have been paid twice over.”

Lapstone commences the story of Benny, the fisherman's boy.



CHAPTER V.

THE STORY OF BENNY.

“THERE was once a fisherman who had a little son named Benny. The fisherman used to go out over the sea in his boat a fishing. He used to go out in the morning and come home at night. But one night he did not come home.

“That night was a very dark and stormy one. The lightning flashed, and the thunder rattled loud and long in the sky. The wind blew, and the sea roared, and the waves which rolled in whitened the whole shore with their foam.

“Benny’s mother was very anxious and unhappy because her husband did not come home. Before it was dark she went down to the shore two or three times to watch for his coming, and after

Benny consoling his mother for the absence of his father in the storm.

it grew dark she went a great many times to the window and to the door.

“ She rocked the baby to sleep, and put him in the cradle. Benny was a little older than the baby. It was time for Benny to go to bed too, but his mother did not send him to bed, because she felt so lonesome. Benny was a brave boy, and he comforted his mother very much by his courage and by his cheering words.

“ ‘Mother,’ says he, ‘don’t cry; don’t be troubled, mother. Father will come home pretty soon. He would come now, I am sure, if he only knew that you wanted him to come.’

“ Then again, after a little while, he said, ‘ Mother, you *must not* be so troubled. Besides, mother, you can go to bed and go to sleep; *I’ll* sit up till my father comes home. I can take care of him when he comes. I can put the chair to his supper-table for him, and put his wet coat to the fire to dry.’

“ All the answer that Benny’s mother could make to this was to press him to her heart, and say, ‘ *Dear* little Benny! ’

“ Benny was greatly troubled to see his mother look so distressed. When it lightened very sharp, and thundered very loud, and she shuddered with terror, he would say,

“ ‘ Never mind it, mother; it sounds pretty loud, but I don’t think it is very near.’

“ Benny said this because it was what he had heard his father say in such cases before.

“ At last the thunder-clouds seemed to pass slowly away, and the moon began to shine again. The wind, too, went down, but the sea continued wild and stormy. It grew later and later, and

Benny goes to lie down in the bed-room.

Where he went next.

Benny's mother became more and more anxious and troubled. At last, however, she said it was time for Benny to go to bed.

“But Benny begged her not to send him to bed.

“‘Do not send me to bed, mother,’ said he, ‘until father comes home. There will be nobody to take care of you if I go away. Besides, I must be ready, when he comes home, to help him take care of the boat and the fishes.’

“At last his mother consented that he should not be undressed, but she said that he must go into his little room and lie down on the bed.

“‘Then,’ said she, ‘if you are awake when father comes home, you can get up again immediately.’

“So Benny went into his room. His mother sat down disconsolate by the fire. It was not cold, but Benny's mother had had a fire to get supper with for her husband.

“After a few minutes she called out, ‘Benny!’

“But Benny did not answer.

“Then she called out again a little louder, ‘Benny!’

“Still Benny did not answer.

“‘Ah! he has gone to sleep,’ said his mother; ‘I'm glad of it. Dear little fellow, how he loves to take care of me!’

“But Benny was not asleep: he had gone out by another door, in order to go and see if he could not find his father.

“Benny's father had a great dog named Nelson. When Benny went to the door, he found Nelson standing on the grass a little way before the house, and looking off over the sea.

“‘Do you see him coming, Nelson?’ said Benny.

Conversation between Benny and Admiral Nelson.

“ Nelson answered by a very low and suppressed bark. He meant that he almost thought he saw him, but that he was not sure.

“ Benny stood on the great flat stone that formed the step of the door, and looked up at the moon, which was just breaking through into an opening among the dark clouds. Then he looked at the tree-tops near, which were waving in the wind. Then he looked out over the sea. The white caps were chasing each other rapidly along the dark expanse, and the whole line of the coast was white with foam.

“ ‘Admiral,’ said Benny, ‘let’s go and see if we can’t find father.’

“ The people often called Nelson ‘Admiral;’ indeed, his proper name in full was Admiral Nelson.

“ ‘Will you go with me, Admiral,’ said he, ‘if I’ll go? Mother is so much troubled.’

“ Nelson answered as before, with a low and half-suppressed bark.

“ ‘Well, Admiral,’ replied Benny, ‘then we will go.’

“ So Benny walked along down toward the shore, Nelson running by his side. Nelson knew very well that they were going for his master, and he was very glad. He had been watching for him, and pitying Benny’s mother in her distress all the evening.

“ Benny and Nelson went down to the shore. There was a little cove there, and a boat in it fastened to a pier.

“ ‘We must go in this boat,’ said Benny; ‘it is all the way there is to go.’

Embarking in the storm.

Benny bails out the boat.

“ So Benny began to unfasten the boat. Nelson leaped about the pier with delight. He was rejoiced that somebody was going to find his master, and still more to think that he was going too.

“ ‘Jump in, Admiral,’ said Benny, when he had got the boat unfastened.

“ So Nelson jumped in. Then Benny got in too, and by means of one of the oars that he found in the bottom of the boat he began to push it off from the pier.

“ Nelson stood with his fore feet upon the gunwale of the boat, and looked over the margin of it, watching the operation.

“ There was water in the bottom of the boat, and Benny could not find a good place to stand.

“ ‘Ah! Admiral,’ said he, ‘first I must dip out the water. That is the way that my father does.’

“ So Benny took the tin dipper that his father used for bailing out the boat, and began to dip up the water that had come into the boat from the rain, and to pour it out over the side into the sea. He worked at this for a long while. Nelson stood by looking on.

“ ‘Ah! Admiral,’ said he, ‘you would help me, I know, if you could, but you don’t know how. Besides, you could not hold the dipper.’

“ Nelson uttered a low bark as before, and wagged his tail.

“ Benny persevered until he had poured all the water out. He then put the dipper away, and, sitting up on the seat, began to look about him. The tide was going out at this time, and the boat had drifted some way from the shore. It was now rocking

Benny and the Admiral at sea.

The cuddy.

Benny searching for a bed.

up and down, too, on the waves, with so much motion that Benny found himself obliged to hold on by the gunwale to keep himself in his place.

“As soon as Benny began to look about him, he found that the shore was quite far away.

“‘Ah! Admiral,’ said he, ‘the shore has gone away.’

“Nelson wagged his tail, and looked up eagerly into Benny’s face.

“‘No,’ said Benny, after a moment’s thought, ‘it must be that we have gone away from the shore. We are going out to the sea. That is just what we wanted to do. I don’t know whether we are going exactly right, but I think it must be somewhere this way that my father has gone.’

“Benny looked out over the waves, and he began to be a little afraid. Nelson looked out too.

“‘Don’t be afraid, Admiral,’ said he. ‘It is rather stormy, but then the moon shines bright, and we can see where we are going. Pretty soon we shall find our father, and then we shall know exactly what to do.’

“It was not cold, but the wind was blowing fresh, and after a little while Benny concluded to lie down in the bottom of the boat in order to shelter himself from it. There was a small cuddy in the forward part of the boat, where things could be put in and kept out of the rain. There was a door to this cuddy; the door was fastened by a button. Benny opened this door in order to see if he could find something inside to make a bed for him to lie down upon.

The great-coat in the cuddy.

Benny went to sleep in the boat.

Aground.

“ He found an old great-coat there. It was one which his father kept in the boat, so as to have it ready in cold and stormy times.

“ Benny pulled out the coat.

“ ‘ Ah! this is just what we want, Admiral,’ said Benny.
‘ See ! ’

“ So saying, Benny spread down the coat in the bottom of the boat, in the driest place that he could find, and lay down upon it. He called Nelson to come and lie down too.

“ ‘ Lie down here close before me, Admiral,’ said Benny, ‘ and I will keep you warm.’

“ So Benny lay down, and Nelson by the side of him. For some minutes Benny talked to Nelson, to amuse him and prevent his feeling lonesome, but his voice gradually grew more and more faint, and at last he fell asleep.

“ Nelson did not go to sleep. He lay awake and listened. He listened to the roaring of the wind, and to the shocks of the waves tossing against the bows and sides of the boat.

“ In the mean time the tide, which was going down, had carried the boat out beyond the shelter of the land, and out into the open sea, where it was more fully exposed to the wind. There it began to be driven by the force of the wind along the shore. It was driven so far many miles, and at last it came to a place where the shore turned in such a direction that the wind blew toward it. The boat accordingly drifted gradually toward the beach, until, at last, at every falling wave the keel of it touched a little on the sand.

How Benny and Nelson disembarked.

Benny finishes his nap on the shore.

“ This thumping waked Benny up.

“ ‘ Admiral,’ said Benny, “ what’s the matter ? ”

“ Nelson started up, barked, and wagged his tail, but he could not explain to Benny what was the matter. Indeed, he did not know himself what was the matter.

“ The boat swung round side to the shore, and a great wave happened to come rolling in just as the wave before it had gone down and left the keel of the boat grounded. The consequence was that the boat was rolled almost entirely over, and Benny and Nelson were both rolled out upon the sand. Benny immediately crept up on the beach to a place where the sand was dry, and Nelson, seizing the great-coat in his mouth, followed him.

“ ‘ What is it ? ’ said Benny, rubbing his eyes.

“ Nelson dropped the great-coat, and began to lick Benny’s face and hands.

“ Benny crawled along a little farther to a place under some bushes, and, opening his eyes, he looked up a moment at the moon. Then he looked out upon the sea, and upon the waves coming in upon the shore, and upon the boat, which was rolling over and over in the surf. He could not tell where he was. He thought it was all a dream. He was very sleepy too, and so he put his head down again, shut his eyes, and was soon fast asleep.

“ As soon as Nelson saw that Benny was asleep, he pulled the great-coat over him as well as he could, in imitation of what he had so often seen him do with the bed-clothes when Benny went to bed, and then lay down by his side.

“ Nelson lay some time with his eyes open, watching the boat

Waking up in the morning. Where is the boat? A beautiful day after the storm.

as it rolled over and over in the surf. He did not know what it was, and he was not sure that it was not some sea-monster trying to come up upon the land to carry off Benny. So he watched it well, and when it came up a little nearer than usual he would start up and bark. He would bark gently in such cases, for fear of waking Benny up. At last, however, the boat gradually worked its way along the shore till it got out of sight, and then Nelson, following Benny's example, went to sleep.

"At length the morning came. The sun rose, and after it was up a little it began to shine with warm and pleasant beams on the place where Benny and Nelson were lying. Nelson awoke early, but he did not move, for he did not wish to awaken Benny.

"At length Benny awoke and opened his eyes.

"'Admiral,' said he, 'are you awake?'

"Nelson wagged his tail, rapping it, as he lay, gently against the sand.

"Yes, you are awake,' said Benny, 'and it is time for us to get up; it is morning.'

"'But what became of our boat?' he added, rising up and looking around him; 'where is our boat? We were in a boat, and I don't know what has become of it.'

"So saying, Benny rose and stood upon his feet. The sea was calm, and the beams of the morning sun were reposing serenely upon it. The beach was smooth, and the sand was warm and dry.

"Benny looked about upon this scene for a few minutes quite bewildered; he scarcely knew where he was.

"'Admiral,' said he, at length, 'I don't know what we shall

Nelson's opinion as to what had better be done. What the dog did with the great-coat.

do. We had a boat, but I don't know what has become of it. I think we had better go home.'

"This was precisely Nelson's opinion. If he had been alone, that is exactly what he would have at once determined to do. As it was, he considered it his duty to await Benny's decision, and to conform his own conduct to it, whatever it might be. But when he heard Benny say that he thought it best to go home, he fully concurred with him, though he could only express his concurrence by wagging his tail and looking up earnestly into Benny's face, and showing, by his attitude and the expression of his countenance, that he was ready to set off immediately.

"'Only,' continued Benny, 'I don't know the way. Do you know the way home, Admiral?'

"Nelson wagged his tail more than ever, and as he saw that Benny was setting off, he ran on before him to show him the way.

"After he had gone a short distance he recollects the great-coat, and he went back and attempted to bring it with him; but he found it too heavy. After dragging it along a little way, he concluded that it would be necessary to abandon it. So he left it in a safe place under a bush, and ran forward again to guide Benny in the right way.

"The place where they were was a great many miles from home, and Benny himself would not have known at all which way to go, but Nelson knew perfectly. The way led for a time along the path. Presently it came out into a road. The road led through a wood, with pretty flowers growing here and there under the trees.

The dog advises Benny not to stop to gather flowers.

Benny is tired with walking.

“ ‘ What a pretty wood this is, Admiral! ’ said Benny. ‘ I’ve a great mind to stop and gather a few of these flowers.’

“ Nelson turned and looked up earnestly into Benny’s face, and then ran along the path again. He thought it was best not to stop.

“ ‘ I will only stop one minute,’ said Benny.

“ So he went out by the road side and there gathered a few flowers. He gathered enough to make a pretty little bouquet just large enough to carry in his hand.

“ In the mean time, while Benny was gathering the flowers, Nelson ran back and forth in the road, barking a little, and seeming very uneasy. He thought that Benny ought not to stop for the flowers.

“ ‘ I am coming in one minute,’ said Benny.

“ So, as soon as he had finished his bouquet, he came back into the road again and went on. Nelson now seemed to be satisfied, and he went on before him quietly, leading the way.

“ Presently they came out of the wood and entered an open country. The country was very pretty. There were farm-houses and fields along the road ; but there was nobody to be seen either about the houses, or in the fields, or along the road. The reason was it was so early in the morning.

“ Benny went on in this way for more than an hour. Then he began to be tired.

“ ‘ Admiral,’ said he, ‘ I am tired. I am very tired indeed.’

“ Benny stopped in the middle of the road as he said this, and Nelson came to him and looked up into his face earnestly and compassionately.

Benny tries an expedient.

He finds Nelson not so good to ride on as a horse.

“It was not necessary for Nelson to look up very high to see Benny’s face, for he was a very large dog, and Benny was a very small boy, and so Nelson’s head was almost on a level with Benny’s.

“‘I am very tired, Admiral,’ said Benny, ‘and I wish you would let me ride a little way on your back.’

“Nelson barked and wagged his tail, and so Benny mounted on his back. Nelson held very still while he did so. As soon as Benny had mounted, Nelson began to walk along and Benny rode. But he found it hard to hold on. Nelson’s back was very round, and there was no saddle, and Benny found himself continually slipping off on one side or on the other.

“Nelson did all he could to prevent this by walking very carefully and steadily; but still Benny found it hard to keep his seat.

“‘You do very well, Admiral,’ said Benny, ‘and you try hard to carry me steadily; but still I can’t ride on your back, because it is so round. I wish I had a horse.’

“Benny had often ridden on a horse. His father would put him on, and let him ride up and down the lane, while he himself walked along by his side to catch him in case he should fall. Benny had in this way at last learned to ride so well that sometimes his father would let him ride up and down the lane alone.

“‘If you were only a horse,’ continued Benny, ‘I could ride very well indeed, but I never learned to ride on a dog.’

“So Benny slipped down from Nelson’s back, and began to walk along again.

Looking for a horse.

Benny found a horse and caught him.

“ ‘I mean to look out,’ said Benny, ‘and see if I can not find a horse.’

“ So Benny looked, as he walked along, into all the barn-yards, and pastures, and woods that he went by, in hopes of seeing a horse. He saw several cows in the barn-yards, waiting for the people to get up and milk them, and so let them go to pasture, but for a long time he saw no horse. Once he heard a trampling among the bushes in the margin of a wood, and he went in a little way to see what it was ; but, instead of a horse, it proved to be two oxen that were there. They looked at Benny for a moment very earnestly, when they saw him coming into their wood, and then went on browsing the leaves of the trees.

“ At length Benny came to a place where, at a little distance before him, he saw a horse feeding by the road side, near a small farm-house.

“ ‘ Ah ! Admiral,’ said he, ‘ here is a horse. Now, if I can only find somebody to put me up, I’ll have a ride.’

“ There was a rope halter round the horse’s neck. The end of the rope was wound round his neck again, and fastened in an easy knot.

“ ‘ Ah !’ said Benny, ‘ he has got a bridle on already. He has not got any saddle on, but that is no matter.’

“ So Benny walked up to the side of the horse. The horse lifted up his head and looked at Benny a moment, and then put it down and went to cropping grass again. At the same time he moved a step farther on.

“ Benny took hold of the halter and untied the knot which fast-

How Benny managed to mount the horse with nobody to help him.

ened the end of the rope. He unwound the end of the rope from his neck. It was very easy for him to do this, for the horse held his head down all the time, and continued feeding. He paid no attention to Benny at all. He thought he was too small a boy for him to pay attention to.

“‘And now, Admiral,’ said Benny, ‘there’s nobody to put me on. I don’t see what I am going to do.’

“Nelson wagged his tail, and leaped about a moment this way and that. He would have been extremely glad to put Benny on the horse if it had been in his power to do so.

“‘I’ll lead him up to the fence,’ said Benny. ‘Perhaps I can get on his back by climbing up first on the fence.’

“So Benny led the horse out toward the fence. Nelson followed him, leaping about and wagging his tail.

“Benny led the horse up alongside the fence, and then gave Nelson the end of the rope to hold.

“‘Here, Admiral,’ said he, ‘hold the bridle while I get on the horse.’

“So Nelson took the end of the rope in his mouth, and held it very still, while Benny climbed up upon the fence. The horse, being a very quiet and gentle farm-horse, used only for carting and plowing, stood very still, and allowed Benny and Nelson to do with him whatever they pleased. Accordingly, when Benny reached the top of the fence, he easily succeeded in getting over upon the horse’s back.

“‘And now, Admiral,’ said he, when he was seated, ‘hand me up the bridle.’

Benny wants his bridle.

Nelson leads the horse and his rider toward home.

“ This, of course, Nelson could not do: he was not tall enough to hold up the rope so that Benny could reach it.

“ He tried very hard to do it, but he could not quite succeed. The way that he tried to do it was by standing up on his hind legs, and resting his fore paws on the horse’s shoulder. In this way he could hold the rope up pretty high, but Benny could not quite reach it. Benny did not dare to lean over very far, for fear of falling off the horse.

“ ‘Never mind, Admiral,’ said he at last, ‘it is no matter about the bridle; you may keep it, and lead the horse along; that will do just as well. And, besides, I can have both my hands then to hold on. Lead him along, Admiral, and go home.’

“ Nelson did not comprehend fully all that Benny had said, but he understood the last part of it very well, and so he began to lead the horse along. He led him very carefully at first till he got out into the road, and then, taking the direction toward home, he began to walk on at a good pace. The horse followed in a very docile manner.

“ ‘Ah!’ said Benny, in a tone of great satisfaction, ‘this is excellent; I am taking a very good ride.’

“ After going on so for about an hour, Benny began to be tired of riding. His legs, too, began to be a little sore. He told Nelson that he believed he would not ride any more. He would rather walk the rest of the way, he said; so he directed Nelson to lead the horse out by the side of the road to a fence, and let him get off.

“ But Nelson could not understand such an order as this; so

Benny wants to dismount.

Whoa!

Stopping by the road side.

he continued to walk on quietly along the road, as if he had not received any order at all.

“ ‘Admiral,’ said Benny, in a stern voice, ‘stop!’

“ Nelson paid no attention, but walked steadily on; indeed, he walked a little faster than he had done before.

“ Benny was for a few moments quite perplexed. He did not know what to do. Presently it occurred to him to give his order to the horse instead of Nelson.

“ ‘Whoa!’ said he.

“ The horse moved his ears and hung back a little, as if he were inclined to stop, but Nelson pulled forward.

“ ‘Whoa!’ said Benny again, speaking louder than before—‘WHOA!’

“ The horse stopped. He turned his head so as to look at the road behind him, and also to look at Benny on his back. He did not know exactly what to make of these singular proceedings. There seemed to be evidently some difference of counsel between the dog and the boy, who were for the time being his two masters, but as he did not understand the case very well, and as, in turning his head back, his eyes fell upon a smooth and pretty plat of grass by the road side, he concluded to walk out there and eat, while Nelson and Benny were settling it between themselves what was to be done.

“ So he walked out upon the grass and began to eat. He was stronger than Nelson, and so Nelson was obliged either to let go the rope or to follow him. He concluded to follow him.

“ ‘Now,’ said Benny, ‘if I could only get down!’

Nelson's condolence on Benny's fall.

Benny and Nelson send the horse back.

" So he laid his head down upon the horse's neck, and slipped his right foot over the horse's back, and then undertook to slide down by his shoulder. He went on very well at first, but the distance was greater than he had supposed, and he came down at last too rapidly, so that he fell over on his back when he reached the ground, and struck his head somewhat violently. He was very much frightened and somewhat hurt, and he immediately began to cry aloud.

" The horse took no notice of this misfortune, but went on eating as before. Nelson, however, seemed very much concerned; he dropped the end of the halter and ran up to Benny, and began to lick his face and hands.

" 'That is all because you would not lead the horse up to the fence,' said Benny; 'I could have got off very well if you had led him up to the fence.'

" Benny soon found, however, that he was not hurt much, and so he got up, and began to consider what to do next.

" 'We are not going to take the horse any farther,' said he to Nelson, 'and so we had better send him home. But first I must tie the halter up again.'

" So saying, Benny went to the horse, and, taking the end of the halter which Nelson had laid down, he wound it again around the horse's neck, and tied it as well as he could in the way in which it was tied before. He then took a stick and drove the horse out into the road again. Nelson helped him by barking. When the horse got into the road, Benny began to drive him back in the way that he came.

Home in sight at last.

How Benny's father got home.

“ ‘Seize him, Admiral!’ said he; ‘seize him! make him go home!’

“ On receiving this order, Nelson barked at the horse and made him go along at a brisk rate toward home. After following him for a short distance, and getting him well under way, Nelson turned again and came back to Benny.

“ ‘Now, Admiral,’ said Benny, ‘we’ll go on by ourselves.’

“ Nelson went on leading the way until, at length, he began to draw near to the place where Benny lived. When he found that he was almost home he seemed overjoyed, and he leaped about Benny, and ran this way and that, manifesting his joy in the most extravagant manner. At last the house came in sight.

“ In the mean time, while Benny and Nelson had been making their journey homeward, Benny’s mother was busy at the fire getting breakfast. Her husband had got home. He came about midnight. She was so overjoyed to see him when he came, and so busy afterward in drying his clothes and in giving him his supper, that she thought no more about Benny, whom she supposed to be all the time asleep in his room. She forgot that she had not undressed him and put him to bed as usual; but she supposed that he had lain down and gone to sleep in his clothes, a thing not uncommon with fishermen and fishermen’s boys all the world over.

“ ‘Where’s Benny, Joanna?’ said the fisherman, as he sat down to his breakfast.

“ ‘He has gone out to play somewhere,’ said his wife. ‘I have just been into his room, and he is not in his bed, and so I suppose he has got up early and gone out to play.’

The fisherman goes out to find Benny and Nelson.

“ ‘ I hope he is safe,’ said the fisherman.

“ ‘ Oh yes, he is safe,’ said Joanna. ‘ Nelson is with him, and he will take good care of him.’

“ ‘ That reminds me,’ said the fisherman, ‘ Nelson did not come out last night when I came home. Where is he?’

“ ‘ I don’t know, I’m sure,’ said Joanna.

“ ‘ He always comes down to the shore when I get home,’ said the fisherman, ‘ and barks about there with joy and gladness. But last night he did not come.’

“ ‘ I don’t know why,’ said Joanna. ‘ Perhaps he was too sleepy.’

“ ‘ I think it is very strange,’ said the fisherman. ‘ I mean to go and see what has become of him.’

“ So the fisherman went out to the door and whistled for Nelson. Immediately after whistling for him, he saw him leaping and frisking about the margin of a thicket, where a little path came out of the wood. He barked and leaped about, and seemed desirous of coming in answer to his master’s call, but he appeared as if kept back by somebody or something still in the wood.

“ ‘ Benny!’ exclaimed the fisherman, calling out loud. ‘ Are you there?’

“ ‘ Yes, sir,’ answered Benny’s voice from within the thicket.

“ ‘ Come here,’ said his father.

“ ‘ Yes, sir,’ said Benny, ‘ I’m coming.’

“ Benny soon emerged from the wood, and then, walking on as fast as he could, he soon reached the house. His mother came out to the door to meet him.

The family at breakfast.

The fisherman's luck.

Benny's story.

“‘Where have you been, Benny?’ said his father.

“‘Why, father!’ exclaimed Benny, with surprise, ‘when did you get home? Nelson and I have been trying to find you.’

“‘Oh, I got home last night,’ said his father. ‘Come in; it is time for breakfast.’

“So Benny came into the house, and soon all the family sat down to breakfast. Nelson went out into the corner of the yard where his sleeping-place was, in a barrel turned down on its side, and creeping in, he lay down and went to sleep.

“‘I am so glad to have you safe home again!’ said Joanna to her husband while they were at breakfast. ‘I was afraid that I should never see you again.’

“‘It was a rough night,’ said the fisherman, ‘but I got along very well. And I had very good luck fishing. But the storm brought one piece of bad luck’.

“‘What is that?’ asked his wife.

“‘Why, my small boat got adrift, and I don’t know what has become of it. I fastened it before I went away, and I thought I left it secure.’

“‘Why, father,’ said Benny, ‘it was Nelson and I that took your boat. We took it to go and see if we could not find why you did not come home.’

“‘Oh, Benny!’ said his father. ‘Nonsense! You should not tell such stories as that.’

“‘Why, yes, father, we certainly did,’ said Benny.

“‘You took it?’ said the fisherman, astonished. ‘What do you mean? When did you take it?’

Benny tells his father and mother how he spent the night.

“ ‘ We took it last night,’ said Benny. ‘ We got in the boat, Nelson and I, and we went out to sea, and we sailed all around, and we looked all about, and we could not find you, and then—’

“ ‘ And then what?’ said Joanna, looking at Benny curiously, and with a lurking smile on her face. At the same time she whispered in her husband’s ear, ‘ It was a dream he had, dear little fellow!’

“ Benny’s mother thought he had been sound asleep in the bed in his little room all night long.

“ ‘ And what then?’ said Joanna, wishing to hear the rest of what she supposed was Benny’s dream.

“ ‘ Why, then I came home—on a horse,’ added Benny.

“ Here Benny’s father and mother laughed aloud at the idea of going to sea in a boat and coming home on a horse.

“ ‘ That’s a curious way, Benny,’ said his father, ‘ of coming home from sea.’

“ ‘ Only,’ continued Benny, ‘ beginning to look very sorrowful, and putting his hand up to the back of his head, ‘ I fell off the horse and hurt my head.’

“ Here Benny’s father and mother laughed again, and this so disconcerted poor Benny that he said no more in respect to his adventures; and to this day his father and mother suppose that the story which he told them was an account of the impression made on his mind by a dream.”

“ And was it a dream, really?” asked one of the girls, after Lapstone had finished this narrative.

How the fisherman recovered his boat again.

"I don't know," said he, gravely, shaking his head; "I never could find out."

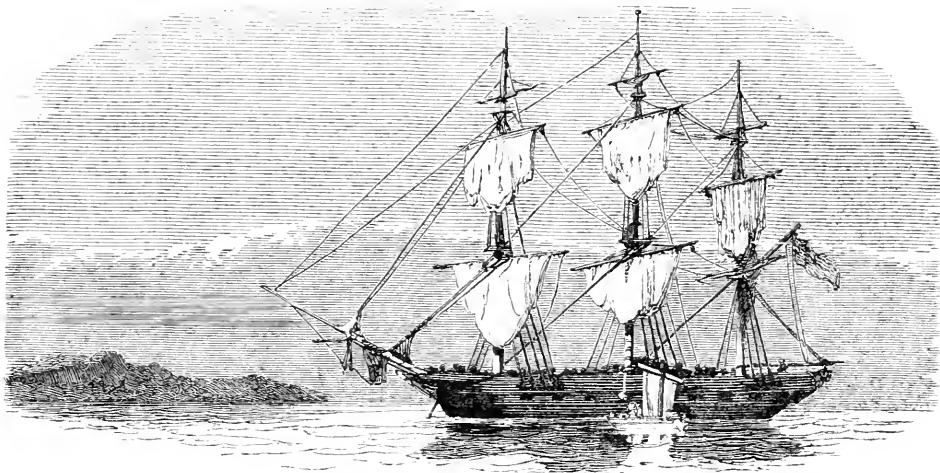
"Well, I'm sorry the fisherman lost his boat," said Jimminy. "That was too bad."

"He didn't lose it, after all," said Lapstone, "for that afternoon he took his fishing-boat and rowed along the shore in the direction the tide had been running, and before long he found it floating, bottom-side up, in the water. The great-coat was gone. The fisherman supposed it must have sunk when the boat capsized."

Orkney.

Where he came from.

The Aldebaran.



CHAPTER VI.

ORKNEY.

AMONG the other boys of the town where Lapstone lived was one named Orkney. He was an orphan. He came to the place from sea, and he now lived at a carpenter's. The other boys in the village liked him very much.

Orkney came to America in a ship in which Lapstone made one of his voyages. It was the ship Aldebaran, Captain Stormer. The Aldebaran was a whaling ship, that was sent in pursuit of whales into the icy seas. After knocking about among the ice-packs of Spitzbergen and the coast of Greenland for a year or two, and catching a great many whales there, she set out on her return home. The first land that she made in coming back toward the temperate regions was one of the Orkney Islands.

Captain Stormer puts in under the lee of the island.

Hailing a boat.

“Now, then,” said Captain Stormer to his men, when the land hove in sight, “we shall stand a chance of getting some fresh vegetables.”

So he ordered the helmsman to steer in such a direction as to bring the ship round to the leeward of the island, so that the boats of the natives could come off and bring some fruits and vegetables. The people that lived along the shore of the island were always on the watch for whaling ships coming home, for the crews, having been confined so long to salt meat and dry biscuit—which is all the kind of food that can be well taken to sea on long voyages—are very eager to procure something fresh as soon as they come again in sight of land that is inhabited by civilized people.

The reason why Captain Stormer went round under the lee of the island was because there the water was comparatively sheltered, especially close in to the shore, and the boats could therefore put off more easily from the beach. Still it was a breezy day, and the sea was somewhat rough; but, notwithstanding this, a boat put off, as soon as the ship came to, and after rowing out till it got near enough to be within hail, the captain called out through his speaking-trumpet,

“BOAT A—HOY—OY!”

A man on board the boat answered, “HAL—LOO!”

“What—have—you—got—to—sell?” shouted the captain.

The man said that they had some potatoes and some garden vegetables; also a pair of chickens.

“Have not you got any thing else besides that?” asked the captain.

Conversation between Captain Stormer and the boatman.

The boatman's boy.

The boat was all this time coming nearer and nearer, and now, being pretty near the ship, the boatman rested on his oars, and, rising in his boat, he said that he had not any thing else. The captain was disappointed. He wanted to get some fruit.

"Then you have not got any thing to sell," said he, "but vegetables and two chickens?"

"No," said the man. "Except that boy," he added; "I'll sell you that boy, if you want to buy him, cheap."

The man meant this for a joke. As he said it, he pointed to a boy who was standing in the stern of the boat, with his hand upon a little tiller.

"Well, come alongside," said the captain, "and let us see your vegetables."

So the boatman pulled his boat alongside, and, leaving the boy in the boat to hold on to the ship by a boat-hook, he climbed up the side of the ship into the main chains, and so got on board.

After some bargaining between the Orkney man and the captain, a trade for the vegetables was concluded, and the sailors letting down a basket by a rope, the boy put the things into it, and they were hoisted on board.

The boy performed his duty in this operation so skillfully and so well, and he looked up when the basket loads were ascending with so frank and intelligent a countenance, that the captain was very much pleased with him; so he asked the man what he meant by saying that the boy was for sale.

"Why, I did not mean much of any thing," said the man;

The Orkney man proposing to sell a boy.

The captain tries him.

“but still there the boy is, and if you take a fancy to him you can have him cheap.”

“Why, is he a bad boy?” asked the captain.

“No,” said the man; “on the contrary, he is a very good boy, and quite a hardy little sailor. But then boys are too plenty on these islands. We have got more than we know what to do with.”

“Is this one your son?” asked the captain.

“No,” said the man. “His father is dead, and his mother is dead too, and he has been living with me for a while; but if you like him, you may take him to America, and there you can make a man of him. Here he never can become any thing at all.”

This conversation took place on the deck of the ship, just over the place where the boat was lying. It was, however, carried on in an under tone, and the boy did not hear a word of it. The captain hesitated, and seemed to be thinking.

“At any rate,” said he, at length, “I should like to see what sort of stuff he is made of. You just order him to row ashore in the boat.”

“Alone?” asked the man.

“Yes,” said the captain. “Tell him that you are going to stay on board a little while.”

The man was surprised at receiving this direction from the captain, for the distance from the shore was more than a mile, and the sea was so rough as to require all the strength of a full-grown and experienced oarsman to make headway against it.

“Give him the order,” said the captain. “I want to see what he will do.”

The boatman's command to the boy.

Obedience.

What the captain said.

The man then looked down into the boat, and called to the boy.

"Halloo, Monkey!" said he; "you may go ashore in the boat. I am going to stay on board a while."

"Very well, sir," said the boy.

So saying, he at once let go his hold of the ship—for he had resumed his hold after he had finished putting the vegetables into the basket—and pushed the boat off. He then took up the oars, one after another, and placed them in the thwarts. The sea, in the mean time, was knocking the boat about in a very rough manner, but he paid no attention to this motion. He proceeded very quietly to take his seat upon the thwart, and to begin to work the oars. He pulled first both of them, and then only one, looking over his shoulder from time to time to see where he was going. In this way he gradually worked his way around under the stern of the ship, and then headed his boat toward the land. He pulled very slowly and steady at his oars, but the wind and the sea were so heavy against him that he made very little progress. Still he kept on.

"Yes," said the captain, "that boy will do. Call him back."

So the man hailed the boat, and ordered the boy to come back alongside.

The boy immediately obeyed. He stopped rowing with one oar, and pulled with the other, until he had brought the boat round, and then passing again under the stern of the ship, he came up alongside again, under her lee.

"Tell him to come on board," said the captain.

Orkney sails for America.

Lapstone's instructions to Orkney.

So the man ordered the boy to come up the side. The boy first fastened the painter in the chains, and then climbed nimbly up the side of the vessel.

"Well, my boy," said the captain, "how would you like to go to America?"

"I should like to go very well," said the boy.

The captain then made farther inquiries, and finding that there was nobody on shore who claimed any relationship or guardianship over him, concluded to take him. So the man left him, just as he was, on board the whaling ship, and went back to the shore in his boat alone. The captain immediately made sail, and thus the boy set out on his journey to America.

The sailors on board the ship asked him what his name was, and he said he had not much of any name. Sometimes, he said, they called him Bob, and sometimes Monkey. The sailors said that the first was no name at all, and the second was not a name fit for any Christian. So they called him Orkney, and that was the way he came by his name.

It happened that Lapstone was one of the sailors on board the ship Aldebaran at the time of this occurrence, and he became very well acquainted with Orkney on the voyage home. Indeed, Orkney was a great favorite with Lapstone, and Lapstone taught him a great many things pertaining to seamanship while coming across the Atlantic. He taught him to splice and to make all sorts of knots in ropes and cords, and to do a great many other such things. He taught him the names, too, and the uses of every thing about the ship. Orkney made himself very useful to all on board, so

What became of Orkney when he arrived in America.

that he became a general favorite. When they landed, Lapstone asked the captain to let Orkney go home with him.

"I can get him a good place there in the village," said he, "and that will be better for him than to grow up a sailor and go to sea. A sailor's life is a hard life."

"That's a fact," said the captain. "A sailor's life is a dog's life. The best thing you can do for him is to take him with you, and get him a good berth on shore."

So Lapstone took Orkney with him to the village where he lived, and there he offered him to a carpenter for an apprentice.

"No," said the carpenter, "I won't have any apprentices. I don't believe in apprentices. They'll stay quietly enough as long as they don't know enough of their trade to earn their living, but, as soon as they begin to be able to pay a little back of the expense and trouble they make, then they are off before you can turn round to ask where they are."

"Ah! but Orkney is not one of that sort," said Lapstone. "He is a different kind of craft altogether."

"How do I know that?" asked the carpenter.

"Try him," said Lapstone.

"Well," said the carpenter, "I like the looks of the boy, and I don't care if I try him. He may come and live at my house a little while if he likes, and I'll see what sort of a boy he is. He can do the chores about the house, and go to school. If I find that he does well and is handy with tools, perhaps I'll take him for an apprentice one of these days."

So Orkney went to live with the carpenter, and he had now

Orkney in the village.

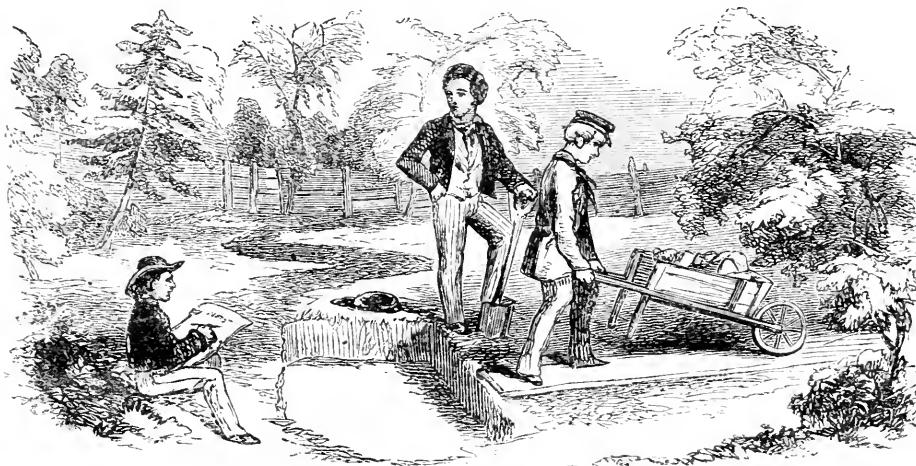
He is a general favorite.

been there for a considerable time. He was not more than ten years old when Captain Stormer brought him to America, and now he was nearly thirteen. But he was small of his age, and the carpenter said there was plenty of time yet for him to begin to learn his trade.

Orkney became a great favorite, not only with the carpenter and his family, but with all the boys of the village, and, indeed, with all the people who knew him.

He was modest and unassuming in his manners, but yet he was so intelligent, and so energetic and persevering, that in every thing that the boys undertook he was almost always put forward as leader. His character in those respects will appear, however, more fully by what will be related in the next chapter.

The boys propose to build a dam on Lapstone's brook.



CHAPTER VII.

THE ORKNEY DOCK.

I HAVE already stated that at the foot of Lapstone's little field there was a low, swampy piece of ground, with a small brook meandering through it, and a path leading down there to a place where the cow was accustomed to go to get water. One afternoon, when two or three boys were playing in the field, Orkney among the rest, the plan was proposed of making a dam across this brook, at a point just above the cow's watering-place.

"If we make a dam there," said Munday, "and raise the water, we can have an excellent place to sail our boats."

"But if we make a dam and stop all the water," said Top, "then the cow won't have any drink."

Asking permission.

Orkney's rule.

Be sure of your right before you begin.

“Ah! yes,” said Munday, “she will have as much as ever, for the dam will get full the first night, and then the water will run over the top and come down to the watering-place just as fast as ever. So let’s make the dam. What do you say, Orkney?”

“I say yes,” said Orkney, “if Uncle Lapstone is willing.”

“Oh, he won’t care,” said Munday.

“We had better go and ask him,” said Orkney.

Munday and Top were rather averse to formally asking Lapstone’s permission that they might make a dam, for they imagined that he might possibly make some objection in that case, while, if they were to go and do the work without saying any thing about it, he would not care. Boys often act on this principle in doing things which they are not quite sure that their fathers, or whoever has power in the case, might approve.

But Orkney never would do so. “Before I begin,” he would say, “I want to be sure of my right to begin. If we go to making a dam without leave, then we shall all the time have secret misgivings about it, and whenever we see Uncle Lapstone coming, we shall be half afraid that he is coming to scold us and drive us away. We’d better be sure that he likes it first.”

“But perhaps he won’t *say* that he likes it,” argued Munday, “and yet he would not care a bit if we should go on and do it.”

“Then, besides,” said Top, “who shall go and ask him?”

“I’ll go and ask him,” said Orkney.

Orkney was not one of those boys, of whom there are usually several on every play-ground, who are very ready to propose things not quite agreeable to be done, while they are not willing

Orkney goes to ask Lapstone for leave to build the dam.

An objection.

to do them themselves. He was always ready to do himself whatever he proposed or advocated as a thing that ought to be done.

“If it ought to be done,” he would say, “it is right to do it; and if it is right to do it, I may as well do it as any body.”

So, when the question arose who should go to Lapstone to ask his leave for them to build the dam, he said at once that he would go.

“Well, go then,” said Munday. “Go right away now.”

So Orkney went up to the house, and, entering the shop-room where Lapstone was then at work, he delivered his commission.

“The boys want to know,” said he, “whether you have any objection to their building a dam on the brook, down at the bottom of the field.”

“Hm!” said Lapstone, making a sort of inarticulate sound that expressed neither assent nor refusal.

“Because,” added Orkney, “by making a dam, we can have an excellent place there to sail our boats—if you have no objection.”

“There’s always a great objection to boys building dams,” said Lapstone, “and that is, that they always get themselves covered with mud from head to foot.”

Orkney was silent.

“However,” said he, “perhaps we can contrive some way to get over that objection. How many boys are there?”

“Four,” replied Orkney, “besides me.”

“Call them all here,” said Lapstone.

So Orkney went out to the gate which led to the field, and called the boys to come up to the spot.

Lapstone establishes a light-house.

A keeper is wanted.

Lapstone's plan.

“Boys,” said Lapstone, “I’ll tell you what I’ll do with you. You know the place where the rocks and trees are, on the little knoll in the field, where I said there was a good foundation for a light-house?”

“Yes,” said the boys, “where the little seat is that Orkney made.”

“That’s the place,” said Lapstone. “Well, we will imagine that there is a light-house there, and that I want a keeper for it. Now you may build a dam, on condition that you will appoint one of the small boys inspector. The inspector is to watch. The first time he sees any mud on any boy’s clothes, he is to send him up to keep the light-house till that mud gets dry and he has brushed it off clean.”

The boys agreed to this proposal. They all said that they could work, in building the dam, without any danger of getting themselves muddied.

“We will see,” said Lapstone. “Then there is another thing. I’d rather you would make a *dock* than a dam, or, rather, a dock and a dam too. Then you’ll get a much larger place to sail your boats in.”

“Good!” said Munday. “Let us do it that way. But how is it, Uncle Lapstone? How do you make a dock?”

“Why, you first make an excavation by digging out all the mud so as to form a great basin, as big as you want to sail your boats in. Then you make a dam and fill your basin with water. I’ll tell you exactly how to proceed.”

“Well, sir,” said Orkney, “we should like that very much.”

Lapstone gives the boys directions.

Draining.

How to keep dry.

“ Only,” said Munday, “ I don’t see how we are going to dig out the mud without getting ourselves dreadfully muddy.”

“ Ah! we will dry up the mud first,” said Lapstone, “ before we begin to dig it out. It will take you a great deal longer to make the dam my way, but it will be a great deal better in the end.”

“ Very well, sir,” said Orkney; “ we would rather be longer, and so have a good dam.”

Lapstone then went on to say that the first thing that they had to do was to *drain* the swampy place, so as to let the mud become in some measure dry. To this end he said that they must go to work with hoes, and deepen the channel of the brook all through the ground, especially where it ran off. Thus, instead of filling in the channel to make a dam and stop the water, the first thing was to dig it out deeper than it was before, so as to let the water off.

“ Then,” said Lapstone, “ you must make side-channels leading to the brook from every part of the swampy place, wherever the ground is low and wet.”

“ But, Uncle Lapstone,” said Munday, “ we shall sink deep into the mud in trying to do that.”

“ You must get a board to stand on,” replied Lapstone. “ Find a pretty long board, and lay it down by the side of the place where you are going to make your drain. Then you can stand upon the board, and dig along the edge of it. But you must appoint your inspector the first thing, and he must send the first boy that gets muddied to keep the light-house.”

Thorough work is slow.

Top the inspector.

A dispute.

The arrangement thus made was carried into effect. The boys went and got hoes and shovels wherever they could find them, and then began their work. They deepened out the channel of the brook, especially at the lower part of it, where it ran off out of the field. They also dug drains through all the lowest and wettest part of the swamp. They worked in this way almost all the afternoon. Lapstone had told them that they would not be able to do any thing more than to finish draining that day.

“And then,” said he, “you must leave it till next Wednesday afternoon, when you will have another half holiday. By that time the water will have run off, and the ground will have become much harder. Then you can dig more drains if necessary, till the ground becomes dry enough for you to dig it all out without getting muddied.”

Top was appointed inspector, and he watched well to see whether any of the boys muddied their clothes. Only one case occurred, and that, unfortunately, led to a dispute. It happened that Munday was standing on the board, digging up mud with a long-handled shovel from the line of the drain, while another boy, whom they called Nat, was at work pretty near. Munday was very careful, in taking up his shovelful of boggy ground, not to muddy himself, but in dropping it in its place on one side of the drain he spattered Nat a little. Nat at once cried out, in a very harsh and complaining tone,

“Look out, Munday, how you throw your mud about. See how you have spattered me.”

This called the inspector’s attention to the occurrence, and he

The question is referred to Orkney.

Argument.

Orkney's opinion.

immediately decided that Nat was muddy, and that he must go up and keep the light-house till the mud was dried.

“No,” said Nat, “I am not the one. *I* was not to blame. It was all Munday’s fault. He is to go and be light-house keeper, and not *I*. ”

“No,” said Munday, “it was not my fault. It was yours for being so nigh. Besides, Uncle Lapstone said that it was the one whose clothes got muddied that was to keep the light-house, and that is you, not *I*. ”

“I’ll leave it to Orkney,” said Nat.

“Agreed,” said Munday; “I’ll leave it to Orkney too.”

This was a very common way of ending disputes among the boys, when Orkney was near.

So they both began very eagerly to tell the story. Orkney quieted them as well as he could, and listened first to one and then to the other, until they had both said all that they had to say. The inspector stood by in silence all the time, awaiting the result. The work on the channels and drains was of course all suspended, except that the water seemed busy in a great many little streamlets, taking advantage of the new openings that had been made to run off as fast as possible.

“It is very hard to decide against either of you,” said Orkney. “It does not seem as if Munday ought to go, because he has not got muddied.”

“No,” said Munday, turning to Nat, “I told you so.”

“Nor does it seem right that Nat should go, for he was not at all to blame.”

His decision.

Two light-house keepers.

The draining done.

“No,” said Nat; “that’s just what I said.”

“So I can’t really decide that either of you ought to go. But I’ll tell you what I think would be an excellent good plan, and that is, for *both* of you to go. That would be obeying Uncle Lapstone’s rule handsomely. You see we want to deal honorably with Uncle Lapstone, since he lets us make a dam on his land; and if, when you can’t decide which of you ought to go, you both go, that would be acting very honorably indeed.”

“Well, Munday,” said Nat, “let’s go. It won’t take long.”

“Agreed,” said Munday. “I’d as lief go as not.”

So both of the boys went up to the light-house station, and there sat on the seat in the sun, talking very pleasantly together until the muddy spot had dried, and then they rubbed it off, and immediately afterward came back to their work.

When supper-time came the boys went home, leaving the water to drain off from the boggy land through the channels which they had opened for it at its leisure. It was understood that they were not to resume their work on the ground until the next Wednesday; but on Monday morning they all came to the place to see how the operation of draining was going on. To their great satisfaction, they found that the ground had become so much harder, that, with a little care, they could walk about all over the bog.

The next Wednesday afternoon they came to resume their work. The bog was now so much consolidated by the effect of the draining that they could dig in it any where as in dry ground. Lapstone came down to the place to assist them in laying out

Orkney forms a system by which the boys work to great advantage.

their work. He told them that what they had to do was to dig out the whole bog, and wheel the sods, and earth, and tussocks of bulrushes which composed it, out upon the hard ground.

“ You must spread it about evenly all over the ground,” said he, “ and it will make excellent soil, and next spring I will set out trees and make a grove there.”

So the boys laid out their work for making this excavation. Orkney formed a system for them, so that the work might go on with order and regularity. They began at the lower part of the bog. The ground was to be shoveled out to the depth of one spadeful. That would make the water deep enough in the basin, they calculated, to float any vessels that they should wish to sail there. They laid down a long board from the place where they were going to begin to dig to the place on the firm ground where the boggy ground was to be deposited. Then it was arranged that for one hour Orkney was to load the wheelbarrow, and Munday was to wheel the load and upset it on the hard ground. Top was to put the sides in again, which usually fell out in the upsetting, and wheel the wheelbarrow back ; and a boy named Charlie, who was quite a small boy, was to keep tally of the number of loads wheeled, by means of a smooth board and a piece of chalk which Orkney gave him for that purpose.

Orkney calculated that by this system the work would go on steadily all the time, and without any interruption ; for it was so arranged that each one of the boys could rest in turn without stopping the work. Orkney would rest from his loading while Munday was wheeling the load away. Munday would rest while he

Lapstone's supervision.

The work is kept a secret.

Why?

was walking back, and while Orkney was loading the barrow again. Top, who was smaller than Munday, would have but a light task in putting in the sides and wheeling back the empty wheelbarrow ; and Charlie, of course, would not require any rest from the work of keeping tally.

Besides all these there was Nat. His business was to level off the heaps made by upsetting the wheelbarrow loads on the bank, and to move the board, from time to time, as might be necessary, in order to distribute the loads properly over the ground which was to be covered.

Lapstone came down himself once or twice to see how the work was going on. He always found it going on very well. He marked out a boundary for them, to show how far they were to dig. He made the boundary the margin of the hard ground, all around the little swamp, following the natural curves of it so as to make places that would become bays and harbors when the basin should be filled with water.

At the end of the first afternoon the boys found that they had half finished their excavation. They determined to come the next Saturday afternoon and complete it. Orkney advised them not to say a word about their plan to any of the other boys of the town, for fear that they might want to come, and that, if they came, they might hinder them in their work.

“ There are as many of us here now as can work to advantage,” said Orkney, “ and more would only be in the way.”

The boys all thought this suggestion a very judicious one, so they kept the enterprise in which they were engaged a profound

The appearance of the basin.

The flat stone.

Another altercation.

secret until the next Saturday, when they all came and resumed their work in the excavation.

They went on with the work in substantially the same way as on the first day. They changed the parts from time to time, as, indeed, they had done on Wednesday, that is, after one had wheeled for an hour he changed from wheeling to loading, and let the one who had loaded before take his place.

At length the excavation was completed. The place then presented the appearance of an irregularly-shaped but shallow basin, with green banks all around, and a small brook meandering through the middle of it. There were a number of deep indentations in the shores, where the boys intended to establish ports and harbors for their vessels, as soon as the dam should be completed and the water raised. One of these harbors terminated at a place where a flat-topped stone lay in the ground, near where it appeared that the shore would come when the pond should be full. This flat stone was, unfortunately, the cause of another quarrel between two of the boys, though, happily, through the interposition of Orkney, the quarrel did not lead to any serious consequences.

The case was this : Top, whose attention was first drawn to this flat stone, went and took his stand upon it at the time when the boys, after finishing the excavation, were surveying the work.

“This stone would make an excellent wharf for us,” said Top, “if it was only down nearer to the water.”

“It will be near the water,” said Orkney, “as soon as the dam is made and the pond is full. Don’t you see the water will come

The boys contend for the best harbor.

Orkney proposes to draw lots.

up there in all that harbor, and fill it all full just to the edge of the stone?"

"Then I mean to have this place for my harbor," said Top, "and this shall be my wharf. I speak for it."

"No," said Munday, "you can't have it by speaking for it. That is the best harbor of all, and it ought to belong to one of the large boys. *I* am going to have that."

"No," said Top, "I spoke first for it."

"Let us see how many harbors there will be," said Orkney.

So saying, he led the way, and was followed by the other boys all around the basin, or doek, as Lapstone proposed to call it, and as he went he counted the places which would serve as harbors. There were four—not quite enough to make one for each boy.

"Never mind," said Orkney, "I will take a point of land instead of a harbor. That will do just as well for me. I can build a wooden wharf upon it."

So saying, he selected a point of land on one side of the excavation, where the hard upland had protruded a little into the swamp, and said that he would take that for his place.

"And now, as to the rest," said he, "I propose that we draw lots for them, to prevent quarreling."

The boys finally consented to draw lots, though Top, who conceived that he had a right to the flat stone harbor in virtue of having spoken for it first, yielded very reluctantly to this proposal. He finally consented, on Munday's telling him that like as not he would draw the harbor that he wanted. So Orkney numbered the harbors one, two, three, and four, and then he made lots of

Munday draws the best harbor.

Top's dissatisfaction.

spears of grass, and let the other boys draw, it being understood that the one who drew the longest lot should have number *one*, and the rest the others in order of the length of their respective lots. The harbor with the stone was numbered three, and it fell to Munday.

Top, instead of submitting to the decision with a good grace, immediately declared that it was not fair. *He* discovered the harbor first, he said, and he spoke for it first, and drawing lots for it was not fair.

"But you agreed to it," said Munday. "We all agreed to draw lots, and now you ought to stand to your agreement."

"I don't care," said Top. "I only agreed to that way because you told me that I should get the one I wanted."

"No," said Munday, "I said *perhaps* you would. I could not tell that you certainly would. When we draw lots, nobody can tell beforehand how we shall come out."

"Well," said Top, speaking in a very dissatisfied and complaining tone, "I never would have drawn lots if I thought that I was going to get that ugly old harbor over there, that is not good for any thing; and if I can't have the one I spoke for, I won't have any."

So Top came over to the place where Orkney was at work hoeing out some loose fragments of sods which had been left in the bottom of the basin, and stood there in a sullen attitude and very much out of humor. The other boys went to work at their several harbors, trimming off the shores, and putting them into a good shape, ready for the raising of the water.

Orkney's ingenious way of treating an ill-humored boy.

"I'm going off," said Top, speaking to Orkney. "I am not going to have any thing more to do with this dam."

"You have helped us a great deal so far," said Orkney.

"Yes," said Top; "and I think it is a shame that I can't have the harbor that I spoke for first."

"I am sorry," replied Orkney; "but if I were you I would not go away just now. You'd better stay a little while longer and help us plan about the dam; because, you see, if you go off now, the boys will think that you went away in a huff, just because you could not have the harbor that you wanted. Wait a little while till this difficulty has been forgotten a little, and then you can go away good-naturedly."

"No," said Top, sullenly, "I am going away now."

"Then I'm afraid that the boys will say that you went off in a fit of ill-humor. If you or I were there when they said it we might contradict it, but they might perhaps say it when we were not there, you know."

"I'm not out of humor," said Top, moodily, "but I don't want to have any more to do with such a dam as this."

"Then perhaps I might have your harbor," said Orkney, "and so join it to my point of land, which comes next to it, and that would make me a first-rate place."

"Would it?" asked Top, his eye brightening up a little at the question.

"Yes," said Orkney, "first-rate; and if you were going to stay, you and I might own them both, together."

"We might do that," said Top.

Forming a partnership.

Top, Orkney & Co.

The construction of the dam.

“ We should have a partnership, you see,” said Orkney ; “ it would be Top, Orkney & Co.”

“ That would be a good firm,” said Top ; “ or we might call it Orkney, Top & Co.”

“ Yes,” said Orkney ; “ but it would be more proper to have your name first in the firm, because you put in the most capital, you know.”

“ How is that?” asked Top.

“ Why, you own the harbor, and I only a point of land ; and the harbor is worth the most, especially such a good harbor as that.”

“ Do you think it is a very good one?” asked Top.

“ Yes,” said Orkney, “ especially as it comes so near my point of land, so that we can make a partnership. You see, we can build a wharf in the harbor, and another on the point of land, and then we can take our vessels to either, just as we please.”

“ So we can,” said Top, “ and so we will.”

The partnership was accordingly formed, and nothing more was heard of Top’s going away.

On the next Wednesday afternoon the boys began to build their dam. Orkney made a wooden sluice-way, with a gate which could be opened and shut. This sluice-way was large enough to allow all the water of the brook to pass through, and it was to be set so low as to allow the water to flow through it without obstructing it at all. The boys made a bed of clay in the bottom of the brook to set this sluice-way in, and then they put in clay at the sides of it, and rammed it down well. This sluice-way was

The dam is finished.

Lapstone comes down to examine the work.

made quite long—as long, in fact, as the dam was to be wide at the bottom, and then the dam was to be built from the two sides of it, out each way to the bank.

The boys built a dam of earth. A part of this earth they obtained from the sides of the basin which they had excavated, and the rest from a place in the field where, by digging a little, they found some dry gravel. They covered the top of the dam with this gravel, so as to form a road-way to walk on, and the sides, down to where the water's edge was to come, they lined with sods, so that it might look green and pretty. They continued this road across the sluice-way, and there the sluice-way served the purpose of a bridge as well as a gateway for the dam.

The dam was at length finished; the bottom of the reservoir was raked smooth, the banks were trimmed off neatly all around, and wharves in the several harbors were made, by means of pieces of plank resting on short posts driven down into the ground at the margin of the water, or rather at the place where the margin of the water was expected to come. When, at length, all was ready, the boys went up to the house and asked Lapstone to come down and see them shut the gate and raise the water.

So Lapstone came. He first took a survey of the whole work, in order to see that it had been executed properly, and that every thing had been done according to the directions which he had given the boys from time to time. He walked over the dam on the pathway that had been made along the top of it. When he arrived in the middle, he stopped to examine the sluice-way and the gate. He shut down the gate, and then raised it again, in

Shutting the gate.

The water rises, and the pond is full.

order to see whether it worked well. He found that it did work very well indeed.

At length, after the examination had been finished, and Lapstone had found every thing right, he gave orders to have the gate shut, and the water began immediately to rise. The boys, and Lapstone himself as well, watched the progress of it with great interest. It soon began to overflow the banks of the little channel in which it had been flowing, and spread in every direction over the bottom of the excavation which the boys had made. The bottom was hard, for the boggy land had consisted of only a very thin stratum of loam, resting on a subsoil of what the farmers call a hard pan, and the boys, in removing the mud, had laid the pan, which consisted of sand and gravel, quite bare. The water was somewhat turbid at first, and a great number of leaves, straws, and little sticks were seen whirling round and round in various circling eddies on the surface of it. But Lapstone told them that as soon as the water rose to the level of the top of the gate, all the floating impurities of the surface would be drawn off, and that all those that were held in suspension below would subside to the bottom in a single night, and that then their pond would be as clear and bright as the most polished mirror.

It turned out as Lapstone had predicted. The pond became beautifully clear, and the boys, during all that summer, spent a great many pleasant hours in sailing their boats and vessels upon it. Lapstone helped them make and rig their vessels. He provided a bench in his shop, precisely similar to his shoemaker's bench, only, instead of tools for making or mending shoes, he fur-

Lapstone's ship-building bench.

Why he called the pond a dock.

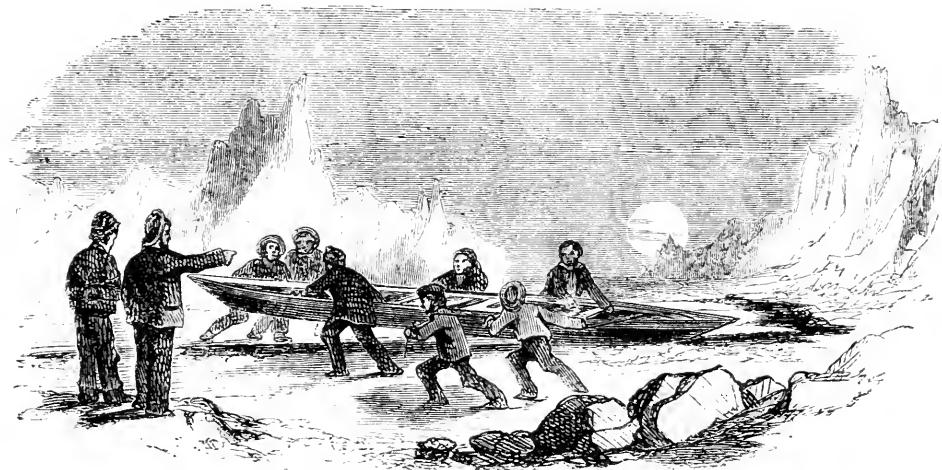
nished it with all sorts of materials for rigging ships. There were little slips of wood to be made into masts and spars, and twine and thread of different sizes for rigging, and strips of cambric and muslin for sails, and for flags and banners, and sharp knives, and gimlets, and brad-awls, and a variety of other such things.

Lapstone had told the boys that their work, inasmuch as it consisted chiefly of an excavation for floating ships, was more properly to be designated as a dock than as a dam, and the boys accordingly named it Orkney Dock, in honor of the very essential services that Orkney rendered in the whole process of constructing it.

Winter at Lapstone's home.

Snow shoveling.

The boys at work.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE ALDEBARAN.

IN the part of the country where Lapstone lived the winters are usually quite mild, and very little snow falls. It happened, however, that the next winter that came after the boys built their dam was a very severe one, and several times so much snow fell that it was necessary to shovel paths. On such occasions the boys came to shovel Lapstone's paths, and he agreed to pay them by telling stories.

One morning, while Munday, Orkney, and Top were at work clearing off the snow from the steps of Lapstone's door, after having made a good path from the door along through the yard to the gate, and also back to the barn, the sun came out very bright, and

Making a path to the brook for the cow.

Cutting a watering-place.

the morning looked so pleasant, that Orkney proposed that they should all go down into the field and see the dock.

“Besides,” said he, “we ought to go and make the path there for the cow to go down and drink.”

“But she can’t drink,” said Top, “if she goes down there, for the dock must be all frozen over solid.”

“Then we will take an axe with us,” said Orkney, “and cut a hole in the ice.”

So the boys went along through the path which they had made to the barn, and there they got an axe. Orkney took the axe, while Munday and Top carried shovels; and with these tools on their shoulders, they waded down across the field in the direction of the cow-path. There was no sign to be seen of their dock, or of any of the work connected with it. The whole was buried up in the snow. The basin itself, the harbors, the wharves, the dam, and every thing else, had entirely disappeared, and in their place there was nothing to be seen but a smooth and uninterrupted expanse of snow.

The boys waded about in this snow for some time trying to find their several harbors, or to identify other points of interest about the dock and dam. While thus employed, they talked together of the good times they had had the summer before in sailing their vessels on this sheet of water, and of the different vessels that they had respectively owned. The name of Orkney’s favorite ship had been the Aldebaran.

“How came you to give your vessel such a name as that?” asked Munday.

The voyage of the Aldebaran among the icebergs in the Arctic Ocean.

“ Why, that was the name of the whale-ship that I came to America in,” said Orkney.

“ Where did she come from?” asked Munday.

“ She came from the Arctic Ocean,” replied Orkney; “ she had been there among the icebergs, catching whales.”

“ I mean to get Uncle Lapstone to tell us about it,” said Munday.

“ I have no doubt that he could tell us a very interesting story about it,” rejoined Orkney.

“ We’ll ask him,” replied Munday: “ let us go right up and ask him now.”

So the boys went up to the house. They found Lapstone in his back room, eating his breakfast.

“ Well, boys,” said he, “ you have made me some excellent paths. I have been looking at them. I owe you quite a long story.”

“ That’s just what we want,” replied Orkney; “ we want you to tell us about the Aldebaran in the Arctic Ocean.”

“ Ah!” said Lapstone, “ the voyage of the Aldebaran, and how I got lost in a boat among the icebergs, and about the white bears. Ah! but that is too long a story. We shall have to wait for another snow-storm before you can earn all that story.”

“ You can begin it, at any rate, Uncle Lapstone,” said the boys. “ We have earned the beginning of it, and then, when there comes another storm, we will earn the rest of it.”

“ And, in the mean time,” said Munday, “ you can tell it all, and trust us for the work to earn the end of it.”

The boys in Lapstone's shop listening to the story.

Their occupations.

"Ah! but I don't know," said Lapstone; "it is not very safe to trust boys in that way. In fact, I don't trust any body. Don't you know that I've got a card with 'No TRUST' on it put up in my shop?"

"Yes; but, Uncle Lapstone, you do trust a great many people, nevertheless."

"And you ought to trust us as well as the rest," said Top; "we are as honest as any body else."

"That's a fact," said Lapstone. "Well, at any rate, I'll begin the story, and as to the finishing of it, we will talk about that by-and-by. Come into my shop some afternoon when I'm at work there, and I'll begin the story."

So the boys came into the shop the very first afternoon when there was no school. Munday brought an old stocking which he was going to unravel and make a ball of while listening to the story. Top held the stocking for him. Orkney, who was learning to draw, brought a board and pencil, and he occupied himself in making a drawing of Lapstone in different positions, as he sat on his bench mending a shoe and relating the story to the boys.

"The Aldebaran," said Lapstone, "was a fine ship. She was built expressly for the northern seas. You see, a ship that is to go into Baffin's Bay or the Arctic Ocean must expect a good many ugly thumps from icebergs and floes."

"Why can't you keep out of the way of the icebergs and floes?" asked Top.

"We can keep out of the way nine times out of ten," said

What the look-out says when he sees a whale.

Sunshine at midnight.

Lapstone ; "but you'll hear all about that in the course of the story.

"At one time in the month of July, just after I came up on deck at the beginning of my watch, at midnight, the man in the crow's nest called out, 'There she blows !'

"What did he mean by that ?" asked Top.

"Why, that he saw a whale. You see we had a cask fastened to the mast-head which we called the crow's nest, and a man stationed there all the time watching for whales, and whenever he saw one spouting off at a distance, he would call out, 'There she blows !' This cry always stirred us all up on board, you may depend, both fore and aft, and above and below. In three minutes every man was on deck, calling out 'Where away ?' The man in the crow's nest said that the whale was about two miles off on the starboard bow, not very far from the great floe of ice which we could see from the deck lying in that direction."

"I don't see how you could see so far if it was midnight," said Munday.

"Why, bless you," said Lapstone, "the sky was clear and the sun was shining as bright as it is now."

Here Top and Munday both laughed out with incredulity. They thought that Lapstone was making a joke of his story by talking in that manner. But Lapstone proceeded to explain.

"If you ever noticed particularly, boys," he continued, "you will observe that the sun, in these latitudes, does not rise in the summer in the east, and go straight up the sky till it gets overhead, and then down straight on the other side to the west, but it

Summer and winter, and day and night in the Arctic regions.

goes round, in a slanting direction, toward the southward. If you want to see the sun rise in the east and go right up perpendicularly, you must go to the line. Were any of you ever on the line?"

"On what line?" asked Munday.

"On the Equinoctial line," replied Lapstone. "In the tropics."

"No," said the boys; "of course not."

"Then," said Lapstone, "you have never seen the sun go up straight into the sky. It always goes off round by the southward. In these latitudes it goes round about so."

Here Lapstone made a sweep with his arm round toward the southern side of the shop, in order to indicate to the boys the degree of obliquity in the sun's path through the heavens in the latitude in which they lived.

"The farther you go north," said Lapstone, "the more slanting the sun goes, until at last, instead of rising and setting as it does here, he goes round and round the sky, in summer a little above the horizon, and in winter a little below. So you see, in those latitudes, the sun shines all the time in summer, and in winter he does not shine at all."

"Then how do you know when it is day and when it is night," asked Munday, "if the sun shines all the time?"

"Why, when the sun is due south," said Lapstone, "it is noon; and, on the other hand, when he is due north, it is midnight, no matter how bright he is shining."

"But then, in the winter, how do you tell?" asked Orkney.

The ship's bells.

Value of the whale.

How the sailors are paid.

"Why, in the winter it is not quite so easy," replied Lapstone, "for then the sun is down all the time. He goes round and round below the horizon, but then he does not go round exactly even. He is up nearer to the horizon when he gets round to the southern side than when he is on the northern side, and that makes a kind of glow in the sky there, like daylight in the east in a winter morning here. When we see that daylight in the south, then we know that is noon for that day."

"But we don't depend upon that, after all," added Lapstone; "We depend on the ship's bells. The captain and the first mate determine when it is noon every day, and the ship's bells strike accordingly, and, by that means, we all in the forecastle keep the run of the time exactly."

"Well, as I was saying, we were all on deck very soon. The look-out man said that it was a large whale of the best kind. We knew from that that he was worth, if we could only catch him, one or two thousand dollars. Now you must know that when a whale is taken, every seaman on board of the ship has a share in the oil when we get home, and so we are wide awake to catch every whale that we see. Besides, we know that the sooner we get the ship filled up the sooner we shall come home and get our shares."

"But what can you do with so much oil?" asked Munday.

"Oh, we never take our shares in oil, but in money," replied Lapstone. "They always sell the oil as soon as they get into port, and we take our portions in money. And a right jolly time we have too, some of us, in spending it."

The dangers of the pursuit.

The boat approaches the whale.

"We got out two boats as quick as possible," continued Lapstone, resuming his story, "and prepared to go off after the whale, though we were not quite easy about the business, on account of the floe of ice. The floe was in motion; and it might, for aught we knew, crowd in between us and the ship while we were off after the whale, and so prevent our getting back again. The captain said that there was some risk in it, and he would not have any body go unless they volunteered. But every body was ready to volunteer; so we manned the boats and off we went."

"Which boat was you in?" asked Munday.

"I was in the first one," said Lapstone.

"That's right," said Top. "I would have gone if I had been you. I should not have been the least afraid of the ice."

"No," said Lapstone, "I suppose not. Boys of your size are very brave. We pulled ahead, and in less than half an hour were up with the whale. He was lying quietly on the water, and we pulled up to him all ready to harpoon him. There was a man in the bows of our boat with his harpoon in his hand. We had had capital luck so far. Very often, when you row a couple of miles to get to a whale, you find, when you reach the place, that he has gone down. Then you have to wait a while till he comes up again."

"How do you know that he will come up again at all?" asked Munday.

"He is obliged to come up to breathe," replied Lapstone. "You see the whale is a breathing animal. He is not like other fishes. He breathes air, and so he has to come up from time to

The whale compared with other animals and fishes.

time. Other fishes, if they breathe at all, breathe only water, and they can stay below all the time. But a whale can not. He is obliged to come up to the surface very often, and put his nose out where he can breathe."

"It is very lucky for the whale-catchers that he is," said Orkney.

"Indeed it is," rejoined Lapstone. "If it were not so, there would be no possible way, that I can think of, of catching him. It would not be very easy to pull a ninety-foot whale up four or five hundred fathoms with a hook and line, as the Marblehead fishermen pull up cod on the banks of Newfoundland."

Lapstone was perfectly right in his account of the whale as a breathing animal, or, rather, an animal breathing air. The reason why he must breathe air is because he is a warm-blooded animal, and it is in some mysterious way or other that breathing air keeps the blood warm. There are various other animals that live in the water that are warm-blooded and breathe air, such as dolphins, grampus, porpoises, seals, and walruses. The two last, however, do not live exclusively in the water, but crawl out sometimes a little way upon the land. All these animals, however, and all others like them, though they can stay under water a long time, must come up occasionally to breathe the air, for it is only by breathing air that blood can be kept warm.

The blood of fishes, strictly so called, is not warm. It is always very nearly as cold as the water in which they are swimming.

"The man in the bows," said Lapstone, continuing his story,

“Stern all!”

Getting out of the way.

A whale's revenge.

“threw his harpoon. It struck the whale in the side. The instant that it was thrown, the man at the helm called out,

“‘STERN ALL!’”

Lapstone shouted out this command in such a voice of thunder as to make all the boys start.

“That was the order,” continued Lapstone, “for every man to back water; for the moment that a whale feels the prick of the harpoon in his side, he plunges desperately, and lashes the sea with the flukes of his tail, and sometimes throws himself about so violently, that the boat would be upset, and every body in it would be plunged into the sea, if it were not got quick out of the way.”

“And did you get your boat out of the way quick enough?” asked Top.

“Yes,” said Lapstone; “though there came such a wave against us, which the whale made by a dash of his flukes, that we came within one of going over. Luckily, the whale did not see us. He pulled right ahead, and our line began to run out as fast as ever I saw a line run.”

“Does the whale always go right ahead,” asked Orkney, “when you put the harpoon into him?”

“No,” replied Lapstone; “sometimes he goes this way and that, without advancing much. Sometimes he turns round after a while, and comes at the boat with his mouth open.”

“And what happens then?” asked Orkney.

“Why, we all jump out of the boat as fast as we can into the sea, and then the whale munches up the boat, but he lets us go. He takes no notice of us. We are too small.”

The pursuit of the whale described by Lapstone.

“But then I should think you would all be drowned,” said Munday.

“No,” replied Lapstone; “the other boat comes and picks us up. We swim about until the other boat comes.”

“But suppose that any of you can’t swim,” said Orkney.

“Ah! if there was any body on board that could not swim, he would go down to the bottom—if there is any bottom in those seas, and I suppose there is—about five hundred or one thousand fathoms down.

“But sometimes,” continued Lapstone, “the whale goes down himself. If he keeps on the surface and swims all about, we hold on and he drags the boat after him; but if he goes down, we have to watch, and as soon as our line gets run out, we have to cut loose from him, and then we are apt to lose every thing—whale, line, harpoon, and all.”

“I should think you would be *sure* to lose them,” said Orkney.

“No,” replied Lapstone, “we are not sure; for the whale comes up again after a while, and if he comes up any where in sight of either boat, we have a chance to make fast to him again. This, in fact, is what happened with us at this time. The fellow went down. But first, however, he ran with us five or six miles into an open space between two great floes of ice. When we saw that he was going in between those floes, we had a great mind to cut loose from him; but we concluded, on the whole, to venture in.”

“Why, what danger was there?” asked Orkney.

“The danger was,” replied Lapstone, “that the floes would

The whalemen between the floes.

Cutting loose from the whale.

close and shut us in. You see these floes of ice are all the time moving, and they might close up and shut us in."

"What makes them move?" said Orkney.

"The wind," replied Lapstone, "and sometimes the currents in the sea. If there is no wind, the currents drift them about generally to the southward. When there is a wind, especially if the wind blows for a long time in one direction, it sets the floes in motion; and when they once get in motion, they continue to move a long time after the wind goes down or changes. Now, you see, the wind might blow in different ways in different parts of the sea, and so set two floes a going in opposite directions. In that case, if there was open water between them, it would be very dangerous for a ship or a boat to go in, inasmuch as the floes might close up, and then any thing between them would be crushed, or at least be shut up and imprisoned. If it was a ship, it would be very likely to be crushed."

"But why not if it were a boat?" asked Munday.

"Because a boat might possibly be saved by being pulled up upon the ice; but a ship must be left to her fate. A boat, and especially a whale-boat, might, perhaps, be drawn up and so saved. That is what we did with our boat."

"Why!" asked Top; "did the floes close and shut you in?"

"Yes," replied Lapstone; "after the whale had drawn us in five or six miles between the floes, he went down. We let him go until our line was nearly all run out, and then we had to cut loose from him and let him go. We then began to think of ourselves, and all our anxiety was to get out again into open water."

The floes close in and entrap the boat.

"So we turned the boat about, and began to row back again as fast as we could. We saw that the two floes were fast coming together. We pulled for our lives. After we had been going about half an hour, we saw a large point of ice, which projected from one of the floes, at a short distance before us, that was gradually advancing toward the other floe, as if on purpose to cut us off.

"'Pull, boys!' says the mate—for our boat was commanded, you must know, by the second mate—'pull, boys!' says he, 'pull! We must get by before that great three-cornered fellow gets across our track, or it is all up with us.'

"So we pulled heartily, I can tell you. The opening between the extremity of the point and the opposite floe grew narrower and narrower, and at last, just before we reached the place, the mate called out,

"'Hold on, boys. It's of no use. We are a *leetle* too late.'

"We looked over our shoulders, and there we saw the two masses of ice just coming together. When they came together, we imagined that one or the other of the floes would be stopped; but they were not stopped. The advance of both masses seemed to continue precisely as before. The point which projected was slowly broken to pieces, and ground up as if it were powder, and we could see heaps after heaps of the broken masses rising into the air, and then falling over with a noise like thunder. You see the floe behind it, although it was coming on very slowly, was moving with such immense force that nothing could stop it. Like as not that floe extended for a hundred miles.

The mate's caution to the men.

The dangers which Lapstone feared.

" 'Now, boys,' says the mate, 'here we are. But we shall do well enough so long as we act like men, and you obey orders. You understand that I am commander of this boat.'

" So saying, the mate took out a revolver from his pocket and put it in his belt, as if he meant to have it all ready in case of an emergency. We all knew him well, and we knew that he would be as ready to use it, if it was necessary, as he was to take it out."

" Was not you afraid," asked Top, " when you saw him take out his pistol ?"

" No," replied Lapstone ; " I was afraid *until* I saw him take it out, and then I was afraid no longer. You see the fact is, that in a boat's crew, in such a case as this, there are always two or three ugly men, who, as soon as they get into any serious difficulty, become desperate and reckless. They say at once that, as they have got to die, they may as well die a merry death, and so they seize on the provisions, and especially the drink, if there is any on board, and go to carousing, and refuse to do any thing to save the party. They say it is of no use, and so they will not try. I was a great deal more afraid of these men than I was of the mate's pistol. I knew that his pistol would not do me any harm, and I thought it would keep these men in order."

" Why, Uncle Lapstone," said Munday, " did you have any provisions and drink on board ?"

" Yes," said Lapstone ; " we always put some provisions and a small keg of brandy on board the boat when we went after whales. We never could tell, when we left the ship, how soon

The lock-up.

The mate's directions.

A chance of escape.

we should be likely to get back again ; so we always went prepared.

“ The provisions and the brandy which were on board the boat were in a little cuddy, or lock-up in the stern, and the mate sat upon a seat directly over it. As soon as he had put his pistol in his belt, he ordered us to give way again, and we did, though none of us knew what he was going to do, or how he was going to get us out.

“ We pulled, and the mate steered the boat up alongside the ice. Then he ordered us all to get out upon the floe. We accordingly did so.

“ ‘ Now, boys,’ said he, ‘ we have got to get this boat up upon the ice, and then to slide it across this point, and launch it in the open water beyond.’

“ We all saw at once that this gave us a chance of getting out of our imprisonment, and so we took hold with a good will, and brought the boat up upon the floe. Then we took hold of the two sides of it, and, balancing it in that manner on the keel, we ran it across to the open water. Here we launched it again and got on board. Having accomplished this successfully, we gave three cheers.

“ ‘ Now, boys,’ says the mate, ‘ we’ll go ahead again. We’ll go on as far as we can ; but you must not expect to get out. The floes are coming together, and they will be grinding against each other along the whole line in half an hour, and in that time we can’t get half way back to the open water. We’ll row as far as we can, and then we will take to the ice. I don’t expect that you

Hagar's discontent.

What he wanted.

The mate's response.

will object to that. You are not green hands. You have seen ice before. So now give way.'

"We all began to row. We pulled heartily for some time, looking over our shoulders now and then to take a view of the channel of water before us, which was all the time growing narrower and narrower, and was certain soon to close up entirely. Still we went on rowing with a good will, all excepting one man named Hagar, who began to mutter and to find fault, and also to hang back in his rowing so as to do little or no good himself and rather to hinder the rest."

"What did he say?" asked Top.

"Oh, he said that it was no use to row," replied Lapstone. "We could not possibly get out. We might as well take the ice there as any where. Besides, he, for one, he said, wanted a drink. He had been pulling long enough, and he was dry, and as there was brandy on board, he said, he did not see why they might not have a drink.

"The mate heard this muttering, but for a time he took no notice of it. Finding, however, that the man, instead of becoming quiet, grew more and more bold, and that he began to talk more and more distinctly of open mutiny, he finally ordered us to stop rowing and to take in our oars. We did so. He took his pistol out of his belt. We all looked on and listened, wondering what he was going to do.

"'My lads,' said he, 'whether we ever get on board the Aldebaran again or not depends upon the discipline that is maintained on board this boat. Captain Stormer has put me in command,

In great emergencies, perfect discipline must be maintained at all hazards.

and he expects me to do my duty here, and I shall do it. I shall act just as he would act if he were here in my place, and you all know how that would be. I expect to have to sacrifice one or two lives to save the rest of us, and you see I am ready to do it.'

"He then stooped down and opened a little cuddy under the seat beneath him, and drew out a small ball of spun-yarn."

"What is spun-yarn?" inquired Munday.

"It's a kind of cord," said Lapstone, "the sailors make by twisting together two or three rope-yarns, that is, strands of old rope; and it's a very handy thing about ship. Well, when he took out the spun-yarn, he cocked his pistol.

"'I am ready to do it,' he repeated; 'but I would a little rather not begin quite so soon as this, if I can help it. Now, if any of you are friendly enough to Hagar to wish to save his life, you will just secure him, and tie him hand and foot with that spun-yarn. Tom and Jack! take him.'

"Tom and Jack were two sailors that happened to sit on the thwarts nearest to Hagar. You see they were good steady men, that always obeyed orders. They would have thrown Hagar overboard if the mate had said the word.

"Besides, they knew that the mate was always ready to do what he said he would do, and they thought it just as like as not that he would shoot Hagar as he sat on his thwart if they did not seize and bind him.

"So they rose to take hold of Hagar, and he, at the same time, began to fight them off. That touched them up a little, and they

A mutinous man efficiently treated.

determined, then, that they would take him. The mate then threw the ball of spun-yarn to the other hands that sat near, and ordered them to tie Hagar's hands as soon as the men got them together. The other men began to come on too, and Hagar soon saw that it was useless to resist. So he became quiet, and let them tie him ; only he went on grumbling and muttering defiance, and demanding what he had done to deserve to be treated in that way.

"As soon as the prisoner's hands and feet were secured, the mate ordered the men to lay him down gently in the bottom of the boat, well forward. He put him there so as to be out of the way of the rest of us at the oars.

" 'Don't hurt him,' said the mate ; 'and give him as comfortable a berth as you can. We'll save his life if we can, in spite of himself.'

"All this was done so quick," added Lapstone, "that the whole affair was over in less time than I have taken to tell it."

"And when you had him safe, what did you do next?" asked Munday.

"Why, we saw that the ice was closing in upon us fast. The opening that we were rowing in was growing narrower and narrower, and it was very plain that in a short time the two floes would come together, and then there would be an end to our navigation."

"And of your boat too," said Munday ; "for, of course, the boat would be ground all to pieces."

"No," replied Lapstone, "we were going to escape that by get-

The boatmen get out and take their boat upon the floating ice.

ting out upon the ice. So, when the mate found that we could not go any farther, he brought the boat up, stern foremost, to the edge of the floe on one side, and we all got out. We then pulled the boat up out of the water upon the floe, and drew it back a cable's length or so, to a place where there was a high hummock, in order to get it out of the grinding."

"Did the mate help?" asked Munday.

"No," replied Lapstone, "he stood by and gave orders."

"But what did you do with Hagar? Did you give him a ride in the boat?" asked Munday.

"Oh, we pulled him out of the boat first," replied Lapstone. "I put him on the ice. We kept his arms tied behind him, but we loosened the cords about his feet so that he could stand, and even walk a little. You see we had rather have him walk than have to carry him.

"'On the whole,' says the mate, when we had got him out, 'you may cut away the lashings of his feet, and leave him free to go where he pleases. He may keep with us or not, just as he thinks best. I only had his feet tied on board the boat because I saw that he was a little inclined to kick.'"

"What did Hagar say to this?" asked Orkney.

"Oh, he was sullen," replied Lapstone. "He did not say anything distinctly, but only muttered between his teeth, and threatened. We paid very little attention to him, but gave all our thoughts to getting the boat to the hummock. Very soon after we got there the two floes came together."

"With a tremendous crash, I suppose," said Munday.

Lapstone describes the grinding together of the floes.

Breakfast time.

“No,” replied Lapstone, “with no crash at all. They were moving too slowly to make any crash. But they made a great grinding. They seemed to be coming together with so slow and gentle a motion that it looked as if, at the moment that they touched, they would stop. But they did not stop at all, nor even show any tendency to stop. The two edges of the floe went on grinding into each other, one running under, or lapping over the other, and throwing up ridges and hummocks of immense size, which, after being piled up in some places forty or fifty feet high, would topple over, and come down on the floe again. Then we heard crashes, you may depend upon it. The grinding together of the two floes continued in this manner as long as we staid there.”

“And how long did you stay there?” asked Munday.

“We staid there to breakfast,” replied Lapstone. “You see by this time we judged that it was about morning. It is true that the sun was just about as high above the horizon as it was when we started at midnight; but it had now got round to the eastward, and so we knew that it was morning. So the mate brought out the provisions, and gave us all some breakfast. We ate it sitting on the thwarts of the boat, on the sunny side of the hummock.”

“Did he give Hagar any breakfast?” asked Munday.

“Yes,” replied Lapstone; “he gave Hagar as much as any of us.”

“I don’t think he deserved any,” said Top.

“No,” rejoined Lapstone, “he did not. The mate said that

Hagar unbound.

Cautions.

The story is interrupted.

he did not think that he really deserved any, ‘but,’ says he, ‘I don’t want to treat him exactly according to his deserts, not if I can help it.’ ”

“How could he eat,” asked Orkney, “if his hands were tied behind him?”

“Oh, at first some of the men fed him, but by-and-by he began to look not quite so savage, and to promise to behave better if the mate would untie his hands. Indeed, I suppose he thought that the mate was dealing very generously by him in giving him some breakfast. So the men interceded for him, and said that they would be answerable for him if the mate would allow him to be untied.

“‘Very well,’ said the mate. ‘It is just as you say. It’s all the same to me. I had him tied, instead of shooting him, out of compassion. But, so far as I am concerned, I’d as lief shoot him as tie him, and if you let him loose you put him to a great risk. Still, if you are disposed to try it, I have no objection. I’ll do all I can for him, and, if he is refractory again, I’ll tie him again, if I think there is time. If there is not time, it won’t be my fault.’ ”

It was now beginning to grow dark in the shop, so that Lapstone could not see to work any more, and he said, therefore, that he should not tell any more of the story that day.

“I don’t see what makes it dark so soon,” said Munday. “It is not more than five o’clock.”

“Why, you see, the sun runs low, at this time of the year, in these latitudes,” said Lapstone. “The sun is in the east about

Why it is dark earlier in the winter than in the summer.

six o'clock in the morning, and in the west about six o'clock in the evening, all the year round, and all the world over; but he may be above the horizon, or he may be below it. In the summer, he rises so far to the northward, in these latitudes, that by the time he gets round to the east he is up some way. Then it is light long before six. In the winter he has gone so far south that he is a great deal below the horizon when he gets to the east. He does not come up till he gets a great way south of east. Of course, then it is not light till long after six.

"It is just so in the evening," continued Lapstone. "The sun has not got to the west yet, but he is going down below the horizon, and that makes it dark. Besides, it is cloudy."

"Then perhaps there is coming on another snow-storm," said Munday. "Let's go to the door and see."

The boys all went to the door, and soon returned, saying that there was a haze spreading all over the sky, and that toward the southwest the haze was so dense that they could not see the sun at all.

"Then there may be another snow-storm coming," said Lapstone; "and if so, that will give you a chance to earn the rest of the story."

So the boys bade Lapstone good-by, and all went home. Lapstone put away his work, and went out into his back room to get his supper. His back room served the purpose of sitting-room, dining - room, parlor, and kitchen. Lapstone had every thing handy there for all his wants. He thought his accommodations were very spacious, so accustomed had he been to straitened quar-

Lapstone eating his supper all alone at home.

ters in the forecastles on board the ships in which he had made his voyages.

He replenished his fire, and lighted his candle, and made his tea, and fried his sausages, and toasted his bread, and then sat down at his little round table near the fireside and made an excellent supper.

That night each of the boys, when he went to bed, heard a clicking at the windows.

“Ah! yes,” said they, in a tone of exultation, “there is going to be another snow-storm!”

Why the boys were all rejoiced at the great snow-storm.



CHAPTER IX.

EXCURSION ON THE ICE.

THE storm proved to be the greatest one that had occurred that winter. It continued all night, and all the next day, and half of the next night. The boys rejoiced greatly. Boys always rejoice when there is a great snow-storm; but, in this case, the pleasure felt by Munday and the others was increased by the fact that the paths which they would have to shovel for Lapstone would put him under obligation to finish the story of the Aldebaran's boat very soon.

Accordingly, on the morning when the storm was over, they all rose early, and proceeded to shovel their own paths with great en-

Shoveling paths.Working in company is pleasanter than working alone.

ergy and dispatch, in order to have time to finish Lapstone's before school.

Orkney was on the ground first. When he arrived at Lapstone's house he found the shop door completely barricaded with the snow. The drift was piled up against it nearly up to the latch. Orkney began at once to clear it away, and he had nearly accomplished the work before the other boys came. Then they all went to work together to make the other paths. It was some time before they could get the front gate open, so hard was the snow banked in against it on both sides. But the more difficult the task was, the better they were pleased; for the length of the story which Lapstone was to tell them was to depend, they knew, on the amount of work which they should do.

For this reason, they did all their work very thoroughly. They made the paths very wide. Indeed, I think they made them rather wider and better than those which they had made at their own homes. This was, however, partly owing to the fact that at home each one had to work alone, while at Lapstone's they were all together in company. It is much more pleasant to work in company than alone, although it must be confessed that when working in company people are not always quite as industrious as when they work by themselves.

When the boys had finished their paths, they called Lapstone to come to the different doors of the house to see them. He appeared to be very much pleased, and he said that in making them the boys had entitled themselves to hear all the rest of the story of the Aldebaran's boat, and that he would tell it to them the first

An appointment.

Lapstone resumes his Arctic story.

The bear.

time they came to his shop. So they all agreed to come the next Wednesday afternoon, and then Lapstone resumed his story as follows :

“ I have forgotten exactly where I left off,” said Lapstone.

“ You left off where you were all eating your breakfast on the ice,” said Munday.

“ Ah ! yes,” replied Lapstone ; “ I remember. Well, just as we finished our breakfast, we had an alarm.”

“ What was it ?” asked Munday.

“ Why, one of the men pointed off to a distance on the ice, turning, at the same time, to the mate.

“ ‘ Mr. Dorking,’ says he, ‘ look there ! ’ ”

“ Was the mate named Mr. Dorking ?” asked Munday.

“ Yes,” said Lapstone ; “ did not I tell you that before ?”

“ No, sir,” said Top ; “ but never mind about that. Go on as fast as you can, and tell us what they saw.”

“ They saw a white bear and two cubs walking along on the ice,” said Lapstone. “ They were about half a mile away.

“ ‘ Yes,’ says the mate, ‘ I see them. They are feeding upon something on the ice. It is a she-bear with her cubs. I don’t think she sees *us*. Keep perfectly still. Let not a man move from his place.’ ”

“ Why did not you go and shoot the bear ?” asked Munday.

“ Why, they had not any gun,” replied Top.

“ Yes,” rejoined Lapstone, “ we had a gun. We always took a gun and plenty of ammunition whenever we went away from

Top's courage.The difference between a boy's courage and a man's.

the ship. But the mate thought we had better not molest the bear.

" 'We will not attack her,' said the mate, 'if she does not attack us.' "

" 'Was he afraid of her?' said Top. "I would not have been afraid of her. If I had had a gun, I would as lief have gone out and shot her as not."

" Yes, no doubt," said Lapstone. " Boys of your size are always very brave. But the mate thought it most prudent to let the bear alone. You see it would have been dangerous to go and try to shoot her. The ball might have missed her, or, if it had hit her, it perhaps would only have wounded her, and then she would have come at us in all fury. So the mate thought it would be best to let her alone."

" But, Uncle Lapstone," said Top, " it would not have been any more dangerous to go out and try to shoot that bear than it was to follow the whale into the gap between the two floes. And if the mate dared to do one thing, why did he not dare to do the other?"

" Ah!" exclaimed Lapstone, " that shows exactly the difference between the courage of a man and that of a boy. A man is willing to take a risk when there is any thing to be gained by it that is worth while. A boy takes risks just for the bravado of it, when there is nothing to be gained. In the case of the whale there was fifteen hundred dollars worth of oil at stake, and that was worth running some risk for; but in the case of the bear there was nothing to be gained. It would have done us no good

The whalemen on the ice watch the bear and cubs.

to have killed her, and by trying to do it we should have run the risk of being killed ourselves. So the mate would not allow of it. There were several of the men that offered to go and shoot her. But the mate said no. He ordered us all to keep perfectly still.

“Among others,” continued Lapstone, “Hagar asked leave to go. But the mate would not have trusted Hagar with the gun on any account. So we all kept perfectly still under the hummock where we had been eating our breakfast. The mate crept softly round by the boat and got the gun, and then came back with it to a position where he could watch the bear, and where he could have a good chance to fire at her if she were to show any disposition to attack us.

“We waited in this way a quarter of an hour. All this time the bear and her cubs continued feeding. At length they seemed to finish their breakfast, as we had finished ours, and then they began to walk away together. They walked along a short distance till they came to a place where there was a channel of open water. They all plunged into the water. The great bear went in first, and the little ones followed her. They swam across the water, and then climbed up upon the ice the other side. This brought them nearer to us. They turned, too, in the course in which they were going after they got out upon the ice, and this brought us into view. The old bear, as soon as she caught sight of us, stopped. The little bears stopped too. The old bear then gave a long and low growl.”

“And what did you do?” asked Top, eagerly.

The bear's cubs.	What Lapstone wanted.	The Newfoundland dogs.
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“Nothing,” replied Lapstone; “the mate ordered us to keep perfectly still. We all, however, looked directly at the bear, and the mate took aim at her with his gun, so as to be all ready to fire in case she should attempt to come any nearer, as we all hoped she would.”

“Why did you hope so?” asked Munday.

“Why, we wanted the mate to shoot her. Then we should have seized the cubs and carried them on board the ship. They were very small, and they were the cunningest little things you ever saw.”

“I wish I had one of them,” said Munday.

“I should like one,” said Lapstone, “if he could only be tamed. But you can't tame them very well. And, after all, a dog is the best animal for a man to have. You can rely upon a dog. He is a faithful and true friend. But there is no kind of wild beast that you can rely upon at all. They are very treacherous. I mean to have a dog some day.”

“I know a man who has got some young ones to sell,” said Orkney.

“What kind of dogs are they?” asked Lapstone.

“Newfoundland,” replied Orkney.

“That's just the kind I should like,” said Lapstone. “Where does the man live?”

“He lives about ten miles from here,” replied Orkney.

“Do you know the way there?” asked Lapstone.

“Yes, sir,” said Orkney, “I know it very well. I went out there the other day to see about some boards.”

The bear and her cubs disappeared.

The mate's observation.

Open water.

“Never mind about that now,” said Top, “but go on with the story, Uncle Lapstone.”

“Well, the bear,” said Lapstone, resuming his story, “looked at us steadily a few minutes, and then turned slowly around and walked away. The cubs turned too, and went away with her. The old bear looked back now and then to see whether we were coming after her; but, as she found we were not, she went on very steadily and without appearing to be at all in a hurry. After a while she and the cubs went round behind a row of hummocks, and disappeared.”

“And did you not see any thing more of them?” asked Munday.

“No,” said Lapstone, “we saw them no more.

“As soon as they had gone,” continued Lapstone, “the mate climbed up to the top of the hummock of ice to take a view. He had a little pocket spy-glass, and with this he took a survey all around the horizon. He also had a compass; and every now and then, and while he was on the hummock, he took out his compass and looked at it. After a while he came down from the hummock again.

“‘Well, my lads,’ says he, ‘I can see the open water. It is to the westward of us, about three or four miles off. If we could get to that water, we could row to the ship easily in half a day. But the difficulty is to get there, and, in the mean time, we are going southward all the time at the rate of two or three knots an hour.’”

“How was that?” asked Munday.

Drifting on the ice. The mate rigged the boat to be pulled over the ice. Broken places.

"Why, by the drift of the ice," replied Lapstone. "You see we were on a floe which formed part of a great pack that was all in motion. The whole body of it was drifting fast to the southward, away from the ship. The only hope for us was, therefore, to get off the ice as soon as we could."

"It is hard work, my lads," says the mate, "to run this boat three or four miles over such rough ice as this; but we have not any choice. That is what we have got to do, and nothing else; and so, if you have got through breakfast, we will begin."

"So we began to get ready with the boat. We cut the boat-hook in two, to make a couple of handspikes, and these we lashed across the boat's painter to make handles to pull by. The mate stationed four men at these handles, one on each side of each hand-spike. The rest of us he placed alongside the boat to keep her steady on her keel, and to help push her along. So we began our march."

"Could you get along pretty well?" asked Munday.

"Yes," said Lapstone; "where the ice was smooth, we got along very well; but often we came to places where it was rough and broken. In some places it had been ground up by the motion of the floes into such small pieces that we could not walk on them."

"And what did you do then?" asked Top.

"We had to make a circuit to get round such places as these," said Lapstone. "Then there were other places where the water was very open."

"And you had to go round those places too, I suppose," said Munday.

The sailing iceberg.

Was the iceberg moving or the floe.

"No," said Lapstone, "not unless they were very small, so that it was quite easy to go round them. If they were large, or if they were narrow and long, and lay across our path, we launched the boat into the water, and rowed over them as we would have crossed a river by a ferry. In this way we went on for about three hours, when at last we reached a place where an iceberg was coming through the floe, tearing and grinding its way through the ice, and carrying all before it. We stopped to look at it. It was very grand."

"It must have been very grand indeed," said Orkney.

"Yes," rejoined Lapstone. "It looked precisely as if the flat ice which we were upon was still, and as if the iceberg was sailing slowly through it, plowing its way as it moved along. It left a long wake of open water behind it, like a ship in full sail. And yet the mate told us that he thought the iceberg was aground, and was not moving at all."

"Then it was only the floe that was moving," said Orkney.

"So the mate thought," replied Lapstone; "but that was not certain. You see, a floe lies flat on the surface of the water, and is driven this way and that by the wind. The icebergs, on the other hand, reach down to a great depth, sometimes hundreds of fathoms, and so they are carried along by the deep-sea currents. Now it sometimes happens that these currents carry the icebergs along at the rate of two or three miles an hour, which is as fast as a man can walk, while the floe, lying all the time on the surface, is still. In that case the iceberg goes plowing through the floe at a terrible rate, heaping up the ice before it to a great height, and

The whalemen watching the plowing iceberg.

They could not tell the time.

leaving a broad wake behind. At other times the iceberg is grounded on the bottom, and lies still, while the floe, or field-ice, sweeps all the time past it. In this case the field-ice plows itself up by running against the iceberg, and also makes a wake on the farther side just as in the other case ; so that when we come across an iceberg plowing through a floe in this manner, it is not always easy to tell which is in rest and which is in motion. Sometimes both are in motion ; the floe, going by the wind, one way, and the iceberg, by the current, in the other. In any case, it is a very grand spectacle."

"I should like to see it," said Orkney.

"Yes," replied Lapstone, "you would like to see it very much. We all stopped a few minutes to see this one when we passed by. The mate said it would not do any harm for us to have a little rest.

"The thing makes something of a roaring,' says the mate ; 'but, after all, big as it is, I'd rather see an iceberg coming at us than that she-bear. And now, my lads, on with the boat again.'

"So we all took hold of the boat and pushed on.

"We supposed that it was now about noon, but we could not tell certainly, for it had become overcast, and we could not see the sun."

"Did not any of you have a watch ?" asked Munday.

"No," replied Lapstone, "there was not a watch in the party. The mate had a compass and a spy-glass, but no watch. The truth is, that people scarcely use watches at all on board ship. When we are changing our longitude all the time, a watch is of

Why seamen want London time.

Dinner.

Open water in sight.

very little use. You have to alter it every day. The ship carries chronometers, it is true, but that is only to keep London time."

"What do you want of London time?" asked Munday.

"To find out the longitude," replied Lapstone.

"I don't see how they can find out the longitude by knowing the London time," rejoined Munday.

"I don't know exactly how they do it," replied Lapstone, "because, you see, I went off from school pretty young, and I never studied navigation. But this you can see: if the captain of a ship finds that it is just midnight where his ship is when he sees by the chronometer that it is just noon at London, then he knows that he is just half round the globe from London; and so in proportion for any other difference of time."

"Well, Uncle Lapstone," said Top, "go on with the story."

"We did not know at all what o'clock it was," said Lapstone, resuming his narrative, "but after a time we began to be hungry, and so the mate ordered us to stop and have dinner. We rested three quarters of an hour at dinner-time, as near as we could guess. Then we went on.

"We went on for about two hours more, and then we found that we were drawing toward the margin of the floe. We could see the open water, about half a mile before us, through the openings in the hummocks. This encouraged us to go on.

"'As soon as we get to open water,' said the mate, 'we shall be all right. You can row by turns, and in six hours I'll engage we'll come in sight of the ship. We can't have drifted to the

The mate's calculations.

An unexpected result.

Good luck.

southward more than twenty or thirty miles, and we will go back that distance in six hours.'

"'Provided the old ship stays where she was,' says one of the men.

"'She will,' says the mate; 'unless, indeed, she stands to the southward in hopes to meet us, for the captain will know which way we must have been carried by the ice.'

"In a short time longer," continued Lapstone, "we arrived at the margin of the ice, and that is about the end of my story."

"The end of it?" exclaimed the boys.

"Yes," said Lapstone, "the end of all the interesting part of it—that is, of all the misfortunes and mishaps. You see there was a range of hummocks all along the margin of the floe, so that we could not see much over the water until we came close to the edge of it. We hauled the boat through the gap in this line of hummocks, and there, the moment that we got a view of the water, we saw our ship within half a mile, with the whale alongside of her, and the whole crew at work stripping off the blubber."

"Was not that lucky?" exclaimed Munday. "What did the mate say when he saw it?"

"Nothing," replied Lapstone; "he took it as coolly as he had taken every thing else. As soon as the boat was launched, he said, 'Now, my lads, get aboard, and we'll pull alongside the ship. And there is the sun coming out too,' says he; for just then the sun began to break through the clouds. 'Now I can tell you about what time of night it is.'

"So he took out his compass and took the bearing of the sun.

The end of Lapstone's story of adventures in the Polar seas.

“ ‘ North by west,’ says he ; ‘ very near midnight.’

“ It *was* near midnight. So it appeared that we had been gone away from the ship just twenty-four hours.”

This finished the story of the adventure of the Aldebaran’s boat, though, after Lapstone came thus to the conclusion of it, the boys asked him a great many questions about whales, and polar bears, and seals, and walruses, and a great many other animals that frequent the Arctic seas. Lapstone entertained them with accounts of these animals, and stories of the encounters that he had had with them, until they all admitted that they had been fully paid for the work that they had done in shoveling the paths.

More about Orkney's plan for getting a dog.



CHAPTER X.

WHITEFOOT AND RING.

LAPSTONE did not forget his plan of getting a Newfoundland dog to come and live with him, though he was prevented from carrying the plan into effect as soon as he had intended. He meant, at the time he first spoke to Orkney on the subject, to have gone or sent immediately; but, soon after the great snow-storm, there came a thaw, and then, soon after the thaw, there followed a hard frost, which made it very rough and slippery. Then there came a long period during which the roads were very muddy, and thus so many weeks passed away that both Lapstone and Orkney concluded that the pups which Orkney had heard of must have grown up and been sold or given away.

The dogs.

Lapstone sends for a wagon.

The excursion planned.

“However,” said Orkney, “I will inquire upon every opportunity that I get, and when I hear of any more for sale I will let you know.”

Accordingly, one morning in the month of May, Orkney came to Lapstone’s shop, and told him that he had heard of a man, a sort of half farmer and half fisherman, who lived on the sea-coast about eight miles off, who had some young Newfoundland dogs to sell. The way in which Orkney happened to hear of them was through the carpenter at whose house he lived. This carpenter had a great deal of business in all the surrounding country, and he often went away from home to do work in the neighboring towns and villages. So, when Orkney told him that Lapstone wished to buy a young Newfoundland dog, he undertook to make inquiries for him. In his inquiries he had heard of these, and told Orkney of them.

When Lapstone heard Orkney’s report he was much pleased.

“I’ll go immediately,” said he, “and secure one of them, before they are gone. Can you get a wagon for me?”

“Yes, sir,” said Orkney; “Top’s father has got a wagon that you can hire.”

“Go and see if you can hire it,” said Lapstone; “and get Top to go too. I want you to go to drive the wagon, and Top to bring the dog home. We can all three go. Top can have a seat behind, and take care of the dog, if we get one.”

So Orkney went to Top’s father to inquire about the wagon. He found that he could have it at any time. So it was all arranged that they were to have the wagon the next Saturday after-

Why Lapstone did not carry a basket to bring the dog home in.

noon. Top was to go too. His father said, when the arrangement was made, that he should like to have a Newfoundland dog himself to keep watch in his stable.

“But I suppose the man will ask a dollar or more for one of them,” he added, “and I can’t very well afford to pay so much.”

When the time arrived, Orkney went for the wagon, and he and Top harnessed the horse into it. Then they drove to Lapstone’s door. Lapstone was all ready in his shop waiting for them. He had a basket to bring the dog home in. There was a cloth and a string in the basket, which were to be used to fasten the dog in.

“After all,” said Lapstone, just before he got into the wagon, “I won’t take any basket. If the little fellow is not willing to come with me of his own accord, he need not come. I won’t bring him against his will.”

So Lapstone put the basket away, and got into the wagon without it.

It was a very pleasant afternoon, and the party had a charming ride. The road led along the sea-shore, and for a considerable part of the way it followed a high bank overlooking the water. The boys could see the ships and steamers passing to and fro along the coast, and here and there they came to little hamlets of fishermen’s houses close to the water, with the fishing-boats drawn up before them on the beach.

At length they reached the place where the man lived who had the dogs. The name of the man was Damrell. As soon as they arrived in the neighborhood where Mr. Damrell lived, they inquired for his house, and were directed to a small dwelling which

Mr. Damrell's house.

The boat.

Dolphin and her master.

stood in a very pleasant situation, not far from the sea-shore, at a place where there was a little creek or inlet from the sea, which formed quite a pretty little harbor. There was a small wharf on the shore of this harbor, not far from the house, and a sail-boat moored to it. The sail-boat was Mr. Damrell's fishing-boat.

The house was small, but it was very pretty, and there was quite a nice little garden on one side of it. Mr. Damrell was at work in this garden when the wagon drove up to the gate.

“I heard that you had some young Newfoundland dogs to sell,” said Lapstone, addressing Mr. Damrell.

Mr. Damrell straightened himself up from his work, and surveyed Lapstone with a very scrutinizing look.

“I have got a couple of little Newfoundland cubs,” said he, “but it is not every body that I am willing to sell them to.”

“Hm!” said Lapstone. “I like that. That's a sign that they come of good breed. I don't think you'd say that of them unless you thought considerable of their mother.”

“I *do* think considerable of their mother,” said Mr. Damrell. “Here, Dolphin!”

He called out the name Dolphin in a loud voice, and immediately a large and very beautiful Newfoundland dog came bounding round the corner of the house in answer to the summons. She came up at once to her master, and after looking up into his face a moment, and finding that he had no commands for her, she turned toward the strangers in the wagon, and looked upon them with a countenance of a calm and quiet dignity that was quite impressive.

Mr. Damrell recognizes Lapstone by his wooden leg.

"That's the mother of the cubs I have," said Mr. Damrell, quietly; and, so saying, he went on raking the bed that he was making.

"She's the right kind, Orkney," said Lapstone. "Let's get out of the wagon."

So Orkney and Top descended from the wagon, and, while Top held the horse, Orkney helped Lapstone to get out. As he did so, Mr. Damrell, looking up, observed that the stranger had a wooden leg.

"Is your name Lapstone?" said he.

"That's what they call me," said Lapstone.

The man laid down his rake, and walked out through his gate, and, advancing to Lapstone, gave him his hand.

"I'm glad to see you, sir," said he. "I've heard of you before. I've often been to your village in my boat, and I've heard of an old sailor there of that name. And if all I've heard of you is true—and I suppose it is so—there'll be no difficulty in our trading for one of my little Bobbies. However," he continued, "it will depend more, after all, upon what Dolphin thinks of you. If she likes you, I shall be pretty sure to like you too."

Dolphin had followed her master through the garden gate, and, while he was speaking, she seemed to be occupied in looking earnestly at the three strangers, and in smelling of their feet and knees.

For a moment she looked a little puzzled, not knowing exactly what to make of Lapstone's wooden leg; but presently she seemed to be satisfied; and she stood quietly by Lapstone's side, and

Mr. Damrell exhibits the sagacity and good training of Dolphin.

allowed him to pat her head, while her attitude and her countenance expressed confidence and good-will.

“She thinks well of you, shipmate,” said Mr. Damrell; “and it is well she does; for, if she had not, it would have been very hard for you to get away one of her young ones; though, for that matter, she is not too fond of them now. They are well weaned, and she expects them, after this, to take care of themselves. She is too sensible a dog not to know that nature never intended that a mother and her children should always live together.

“However,” continued Mr. Damrell, “since you ask about the breed, I’ll let you see a little what sort of a dog Dolphin is.”

So saying, he turned to Dolphin, and said, in a quiet tone,
“Take care of the horse, Dolphin.”

Dolphin immediately sprang to the head of the horse, and stood there, looking up into his face with a very resolute but a very calm and quiet air, and in an attitude which showed that she was ready to seize the reins on the least indication of an attempt on his part to go away. The horse looked at Dolphin too, but he seemed not to be at all disturbed. Indeed, like every body else, he appeared to regard the dog as his friend and protector, and not as an enemy.

“Take him to the post, Dolphin,” said Mr. Damrell, quickly.

Dolphin immediately reached up and took hold of the horse’s bridle. She was so large and tall that she could do this very easily. She then immediately began to lead the horse along toward a post which stood in the corner of the yard. The horse

Dolphin waits for instructions.

The dog goes to the house for the boat keys.

yielded at once, and allowed himself to be led. As soon as they reached the post, Dolphin stopped, and looked toward her master as if awaiting further orders.

"Now, my boy," said Mr. Damrell, turning to Orkney, "fasten the horse, and then we shall be at liberty."

Dolphin stood by, watching carefully until she saw that the horse was secured. She then seemed to feel released from that duty, and turned toward her master again.

"Dolphin," said Mr. Damrell, "I am going—"

Mr. Damrell spoke these words very deliberately, and then paused and hesitated, as if he had not quite decided where he was going. Dolphin looked very intently into her master's face, and wagged her tail. She was awaiting the conclusion of the sentence.

"To take a sail in the boat," said Mr. Damrell. "Go and get the keys."

The moment that Dolphin heard the word boat she seemed wild with delight. She leaped about joyously, and by the time that Mr. Damrell had finished the sentence, she was bounding away toward a back door of the house. In a moment more she was seen coming out from the door with two keys attached to a wooden label in her mouth. With these she ran eagerly down to the water. Mr. Damrell and his party of visitors followed.

The boat was fastened to the wharf by a chain and padlock. There was also a painter, made of rope, with a loop in the outer end of it. This loop passed over the top of a short post on the corner of the wharf, so that the boat was thus held by a double fastening.

Dolphin on the wharf casting off.

The party in the sail-boat.

Dolphin dropped the keys near the padlock, and then, while Mr. Damrell was unlocking the lock, she took her place by the post where the loop of the painter passed over it. Mr. Damrell then invited his visitors to get into the boat, and he followed them in. He gave Lapstone an honorable seat near the stern.

The boat was small, but it had a mast and a sail. Mr. Damrell began undoing the sail. Dolphin all the time remained by the line.

“Shall I go ashore, sir,” said Orkney, “to cast off?”

“No,” replied Mr. Damrell, “Dolphin will cast off; but you may stand by to take the painter in.”

Accordingly, as soon as Mr. Damrell had got the sails untied and was ready to go, he said, “Cast off, Dolphin!”

Dolphin immediately took the loop of the painter up in her mouth, lifted it over the post, and let it fall alongside of the boat. Orkney, who, in the mean time, had stationed himself at the bows, drew it in, and coiled it up neatly.

As soon as Dolphin had cast off the line, she leaped on board the boat herself, and came and took her station near the helm, close by her master’s usual seat.

Mr. Damrell, after setting his sail, came to the stern and took the helm. There was a gentle breeze blowing; the sail filled, and the boat began slowly to move away from the wharf.

All this time Mr. Damrell seemed to pay no attention to Dolphin, but went on talking with Lapstone about the town where Lapstone lived, and the voyages that he had made in former years, and the different ports which he had visited when he was a sea-

Making acquaintance with Dolphin.

Dolphin takes the helm.

“Steady.”

faring man. While this conversation was pending, Dolphin came to Lapstone's side again, and after smelling his knees and looking up earnestly in his face a while, she laid her chin on his sound knee in quite an affectionate manner.

“She thinks you are the right sort of man,” said Mr. Damrell; “that is very plain.”

Dolphin seemed also to take quite a fancy both to Orkney and Top. She came occasionally toward the part of the boat where they were, and allowed them to pat her head and caress her in other ways. Indeed, she not only allowed these freedoms, but she seemed to be quite pleased with them. The boys thought she was a dog of a remarkably excellent disposition.

At length the boat began to draw near to the shore of a creek on one side, and Mr. Damrell said,

“Come, Dolphin, I think we'll go about.”

So Dolphin came to the stern again. Mr. Damrell put the helm hard down, and gave the tiller to Dolphin to hold.

“Keep her about so,” said he.

Dolphin put her paws upon the tiller, and held it in the position in which her master had placed it, while Mr. Damrell himself went forward to attend to the sail.

As soon as the sail had filled, and the boat began to fall off on the other tack, Mr. Damrell called out, “STEADY!” when Dolphin immediately relaxed her pressure upon the tiller, and allowed it to swing back amidships again.

“A man-o'-war's-man could not have done it better,” said Lapstone.

Disembarking.

Mr. Damrell offers to sell the dogs.

The barn.

The party sailed about in this way for some time, and Lapstone and the boys, the more they saw, the more they were pleased with the sagacity and intelligence that Dolphin manifested. At length the boat returned to the wharf.

“Bear a hand, Dolphin,” said Mr. Damrell, “to go ashore with the painter.”

So Dolphin took her station on the bows of the boat with the end of the painter in her mouth. As soon as the bows were near enough to the wharf, she leaped ashore, and there held on firmly, while Mr. Damrell took in the sail and made ready to land. When all was ready, the whole party disembarked; and Mr. Damrell, after locking the boat, gave Dolphin the keys, and they all proceeded toward the house. Dolphin ran before with the keys in her mouth.

“I’ve made up my mind,” said Mr. Damrell, “that if you like my dogs when you come to see them, you may have either or both of them. The price is a dollar and a half apiece.”

“Very well,” said Lapstone; “where are they? I want to see them.”

“They are in my barn,” said Mr. Damrell. “They are getting big enough to go out by themselves, and I let them out sometimes, but they are shut up now.”

So saying, Mr. Damrell led the way to a small barn which stood in the back part of his premises, and opened the door, which was fastened by a hasp and a fid. On entering the barn, the two young dogs came running to meet their master, and they leaped and capered about him with many expressions of joy. Dolphin,

Whitefoot and Ring.

Which is the prettiest?

Lapstone's way of choosing a dog.

too, seemed very much pleased to see them again, and they to see Dolphin. But the chief attention of the dogs was, after all, given to their human visitors, for they had reached an age when nature prompted them to seek and love the companionship of man even more than that of their mother.

One of the dogs was perfectly black, except a white ring about his neck. The other had both fore feet white.

“Are they named?” asked Orkney.

“No,” replied Mr. Daimrell, “they are not regularly named. Our folks call them Whitefoot and Ring, just to distinguish them, but you can name them any thing you please. Which of them do you like the best?”

“I think Whitefoot is rather the prettiest,” said Top.

“They are both very pretty,” said Orkney.

“Yes,” added Lapstone, “there is very little choice between them. I think that instead of choosing one of them myself, I shall see which of them will prefer me.”

“That’s a good plan,” said Orkney.

Accordingly, after playing with the dogs a little while, so as to get them both somewhat acquainted with him, Lapstone put them both down in one of the stalls, and went himself to a little distance from them across the floor.

“Now, boys,” said he, “do you go off to one side, out of the way. I’m going to call the dogs to me. The one that gets to me first is the one that I will have.”

So the boys went off to one side, and Lapstone called the dogs to come to him. They immediately came out of the stall, and be-

Lapstone's choice.

Top wanted a dog too.

Why Orkney did not.

gan rambling about in a somewhat uncertain manner for a few minutes, approaching gradually, however, all the time, toward Lapstone. At length Whitefoot, catching a glimpse of the two boys at the door, ran off toward them, while Ring ran directly to Lapstone.

Lapstone caught him up in his arms, saying, "This is my dog. It is all settled."

Top caught up Whitefoot also, saying, at the same time,

"And this is my dog. Now, Uncle Lapstone, I wish you would buy this one too, for me, and I'll work for you in your garden all summer, till you say I've done enough to pay for him."

"Ah! but how do I know that your father would be willing that you should have a dog," said Lapstone. "Perhaps he would not like to have him at the house."

"Why, he said that he should like one very much," replied Top, "only he could not afford to buy one."

"Well, but then there is another difficulty," continued Lapstone. "There's Orkney. If either of you is to have the dog, it ought to be Orkney, for he is the oldest."

"No, sir," said Orkney, "I don't care about having him myself, for I am thinking a little of going away to school. If you could buy him for Top, I should like it very much. I could have an interest in him, and Top lives so near our house that that will do just as well."

"Very well," said Lapstone; "then it is all settled. We will take both the dogs."

So Lapstone paid Mr. Damrell the three dollars, and they took

Going home.

The education of Whitefoot and Ring.

The dog cart.

both the dogs and carried them home in the wagon. Top sat behind and carried Whitefoot, while Lapstone took Ring in his arms upon the seat in front.

After this, Lapstone continued to live in peace and prosperity a long time in his house in the village, and he told the boys a great many stories which there is not space for in this volume. The dog grew fast, and in process of time he became very large. He grew to be a very beautiful dog too, and as he was very intelligent and sagacious, Lapstone taught him a great variety of curious things. Top's dog, too, grew up to be as fine an animal as Lapstone's. When they had got their growth, among other things, Lapstone taught them both to draw in harness.

He made a very handsome double harness for them of leather, and Orkney made a very neat and pretty wagon in the carpenter's shop. The wagon was of good size too, and was very strong. The dogs could draw this wagon about the village, with two boys in it, very easily, and an excellent span they made.*

The house where Top lived was next to Orkney's, and the back yards communicated together by means of a little gate. Orkney made a very nice kennel for this dog near this gate, and thus, whichever of the boys called him, he was sure to come. Only at night he slept usually in the stable to keep watch.

In process of time Orkney went away to school. This was his own plan. After he had been thinking of it some time, he one day proposed it to the carpenter.

* See Frontispiece.

Orkney proposes to go to school.

How he came out.

“I think, sir,” said he, “if you are willing, that it would be a good plan for me to go away somewhere to school for a year, in order to study mathematics, before I begin to work in the shop. I can learn drawing, too, at the same time. In this way I can be of more service to you, because then I can draw your plans and make your calculations, and so help a great deal more than if I merely learn to plane and saw, and do such things as that.”

“That’s a fact,” said the carpenter.

“If you will send me to school,” continued Orkney, “I will be diligent and steady, and learn all I can.”

“I have no doubt of it,” said the carpenter, “and I think it is an excellent plan. I could extend my business a great deal, and make it a great deal more profitable, if I had somebody at hand to do that kind of work, and you are just the fellow to learn to do it.”

So Orkney was sent to school, and he made so much improvement there, that, at the end of the year, his master sent him to New York for six months to study architecture and civil engineering. There is now every prospect that he will become quite an eminent man. Indeed, Lapstone begins to feel very proud of him.

THE END.



